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ON THE IRON MOUNTAIN.

"SHALL we go, Helen?"

"Yes," she said; then, after a moment, "no," then "yes" again.

"Why do you change your mind three

class of fillers-up. We are all fillers-up at times.

"I am not sure that I know," replied Miss Fay, gazing dreamily off over the lake, as

essed more, so it was not beauty. She had a bright mind, but others even in the chorus had brighter, so it was not intellect. It must have been a depth of feeling, imagination,



"He glanced aside, and caught Marmaduke's face lifted above the bushes."—Page 220.

times, Miss Fay?" said one of the chorus; and here it may be stated that the chorus consisted of a dozen or more worthy people, young and old, who, no doubt, played first parts in their own little dramas, but, in this, belonged to the respectable and necessary

though her mind was in British America, following the course of the Saskatchewan.

Helen Fay was attractive; that is, the majority were attracted to her without being able to explain the magnetism. She had beauties, but others even in the chorus pos-

and tenderness, making her so tremulously alive to other minds, other souls, and other hearts. She was extremely nervous, in the normal meaning of the word; not the tea-drinking, neuralgic meaning of thin women nipped by the east winds, but the meaning

which means sympathy with all the earth's influences. She could not see suffering without herself suffering; she could not see joy without herself rejoicing; a gray storm depressed, a black storm excited, and a bright sun cheered, her spirits; she could not reason, but felt all her conclusions by intuition; and, as no wise mother had taught her to understand and control herself, she had the habit of following her feelings wherever they led her, and dearly loved, without knowing it, a new sensation. In this, however, she was only following the example of the old Athenians, Acts xvii, 31, and the modern Parisians with their *haute-nouveauté*.

We all like to feel ourselves understood and appreciated, and Helen Fay seemed to give without effort this quick, unspoken recognition, a soul-sympathy, as it were, which a glance can establish in an instant between two comparative strangers; therefore, she was attractive, and therefore, when she spoke, people listened, thought over what she said, and would not let it drop. So, when she answered, "I am not sure that I know," the chorus went on, "Let us have your uncertainty, then—I am sure there is something behind—won't you? Well, then, we shall call in the best advice.—Mr. Preston, can you tell us why Miss Fay changed her mind three times?"

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Marmaduke Preston, lazily lying at full length under the pines; "she changes her mind merely from a certain feverish industry she possesses. She has discovered the secret of perpetual motion."

"Am I then so industrious?" said Helen, smiling.

"It would be more in accordance with the truth if I were to say that she changes it for the mere novelty of the thing," said Aunt Kane, severely. "What should you say of a young person who keeps her picture of Faust and Gretchen constantly travelling around the walls of her room because she never wants to look at it twice in the same spot?"

Here there was a laugh, as much at Aunt Kane as at her wilful niece. "Am I then so restless?" said Helen, carelessly.

"No; I'll tell you what it is," said the chorus. "She changes her mind, just to see what effect it will have upon us; she is like the moon, and we are the tides."

"Am I then so curious?" commented Helen, as she went on fitting the pine-cones into each other.

"There comes the Manhattan," cried one, and instantly the chorus ran forward to the bank to see Lake Superior's one steamer, the Manhattan—hauled over the Sault portage the preceding year on greased boards, and, since then, making the speed of nine miles an hour on the great inland sea; for this was in 1853. Under cover of this movement Victor Lee leaned forward. "You changed your mind because you were afraid, Miss Fay," he said, in a low tone, with a single glance of his blue eyes. The cones fell from Helen Fay's hands, and she turned her head away.

"Well, shall we go?" said the chorus, coming back. "Mr. Preston, how lazy you are; the personification of indolence! Why don't you do something?"

"Look at that wheezing old Manhattan, for instance," said Marmaduke, with closed eyes.

"Yes; that is better than nothing."

"Cui bono?" asked the lazy young Saxon, with all his long length unstirred.

"Oh, if you are going to talk Latin, we give you up," said the chorus.—"Say, good people, say, shall we go or not go to the Iron Mountain?"

"We will go," answered Victor Lee; "we will start this afternoon at three o'clock."

Miss Fay left her knoll and went over to her lethargic giant. "Duke, come and walk with me along the beach," she said, with her back toward the rest of the party. A smile gleamed over Victor Lee's face as he looked after her a moment. Then he set himself to work to entertain the chorus, something of a task, since it embraced all grades, from grim Aunt Kane to volatile Eunice Gregory, the New-York school-girl. But, so well did he succeed, that the sound of laughter reached far down the beach where the lovers were strolling. Involuntarily, Helen looked back. Marmaduke yawned a mighty yawn. "Oh—oh!" he said, "this lake-air makes one sleepy, doesn't it?"

"Not me," answered Helen, taking her hand from his arm and slightly quickening her pace.

Then Marmaduke lighted a fresh cigar, put his hands deep down in his coat-pockets, and in silence they walked on.

Marquette, on Lake Superior, is now a busy town, soon to be a city; it has railroads on shore and fleets of steamers and vessels on the water, people to do business and business to do, all coming from the Iron Mountain behind it. But, in 1853, it was a lonely settlement in the woods, with one little stamping-mill stamping on the ore with wooden legs; a few houses of those hopeful pioneers, who so often sow the seed in the West and so seldom reap the harvest; and a swampy, rocky, sandy, corduroy road, inland to the mine. The Iron Mountain stood there, great and wonderful, waiting for capital. Capital has come, and dug and blasted into its sides for years; but it remains great and wonderful still.

Our party, visitors from the East, felt themselves going to hyperborean regions when the steamer bore them out of the lovely St. Clair River into broad Lake Huron; and, when they had passed the odd little village at the Sault—pronounced "Soo" in Western phraseology—and taken passage on the unique Manhattan, heroine of the grease, to see all the wonders of Superior, they called themselves New-World Argonauts, in search of a fleece, not golden but iron. At Detroit, a new passenger had joined them, Victor Lee—"the Lees of Virginia, you know," said Aunt Kane, who sealed her letters with a crest. "Oh; yes," echoed the chorus to each other, "the Virginia Lees, you know; delightful acquisition!"

"Blood will tell," remarked Aunt Kane, on Lake Huron. "Mr. Lee has all that rare courtesy which comes only from a long line of refined ancestors. I suspect he is a grandson of Lee Loudon Lee, of Leesburg."

"Yes," commented the chorus, bland but

calmly ignorant; "grandson of Leland Lee, of Lehigh, you know."

"Well, but who was Leland Lee, of Lehigh?" persisted one youthful inquirer who had not yet learned the accomplishment of pretending to know.

"Oh, he had a coal-mine, I believe," answered the chorus, vaguely.

Poor Aunt Kane!

"What do you think of that Virginian, Duke?" said Helen Fay to her lover after two weeks' close companionship had forced a close intimacy. She spoke carelessly, but her eyes looked away, and her fingers braided and unbraided the fringes of her shawl.

"Oh, Lee, do you mean? Seems to be a pleasant sort of fellow. Really, though, I have not noticed him closely."

"Do you ever notice any thing closely, Duke?"

"To tell the truth, not often, Helen," answered the young man, skipping pebbles over the water.

"Not even me?"

"It is not necessary that I should notice you closely, dear, for I so thoroughly understand you that we are like one person. We think alike on all points, we love each other, and we shall spend our lives together, I trust, in the happiness of loving repose—that restfulness which is the greatest charm of life." And, concluding this speech, unusually long for him, Marmaduke Preston turned and took Helen's lithe, little fingers caressingly into his own large, shapely white hand.

"Yes, we will, we will," said Helen, impetuously; "nothing ever can, nothing ever, shall prevent it! Nothing but death, Duke—nothing but death! Nothing in all this wide world!"

"In heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under it," said Duke, taking up another stone.

"I wonder who is meant by the prince of the powers of the air," said Helen, after a dreamy pause.

"There, see that," interrupted Duke; "eight skips in a row! I cannot improve upon that. Let us go back; it must be dinner-time."

At three in the afternoon of the appointed day, the party started for the Iron Mountain. All were on horseback save a half-breed at the head, as a guide, and Jean, the old Frenchman, at the foot, a retired *voyageur*, who had the reputation of needing only a damp spot in the grass to catch a brook-trout, and two twigs to cook it to perfection. After entering the forest they were obliged to ride single file through the narrow trail. "You go first, Preston," said Victor Lee; "I will ride behind Miss Fay." These three were the last of the file, save old Jean and his dog. There was much talking among the chorus in front, but Marmaduke had his pipe in his mouth; and a pipe disposes to meditation. Helen rode on in silence, but gradually a strange agitation took possession of her; she moved restlessly in her saddle, plucked leaves from the overhanging boughs, and hummed fragments of songs. At last she turned slowly and looked back, but, when she met Victor's eyes, she averted her head quickly, as if in dread. Again and again was this little pas-

tomtime repeated, and each time her face grew paler. At last, as if in desperation, "Duke," she called, in a sharp tone, "are you asleep?"

"Only day-dreaming," answered Preston, looking lazily over his shoulder.

"Rein up your horse and ride at my side," commanded the lady, imperiously.

"That is a manifest impossibility, Helen."

"Well, then, let me pass you."

"You are better off as you are. You have Lee behind you, and I am in front; so that, if your horse should stumble, we can see to you. Do you feel restless, dear?"

"Yes," replied Helen, coloring; then settled herself firmly in her saddle, and resolutely squared her shoulders, saying to herself, "I will not look back again." But the nervousness only increased; it seemed as if something was burning through her from behind—as if something drew her head to the left so that her eyes could glance backward—as if something was touching her with a magnetic power, a power both gentle and dreadful, which made her shiver. She endured this state as long as her strength and her pride held out; then, as the road became rocky and broken, she seized upon that pretext. "Duke, I am afraid. Do come nearer."

"How can I, Helen? The road is perfectly safe. You never used to be so timid."

"I know it; but I am now."

Victor Lee jumped down from his horse, and, leaving the steady old animal to keep his place in the rear of the slow-moving file, he stepped forward and laid his hand on the lady's bridle. "I am tired of riding at this snail's pace," he said; "let me be your squire a while, Miss Fay."

"Oh, no," answered Helen, shrinking back.—"Duke, persuade Mr. Lee to mount again."

"Mr. Lee does not wish to be persuaded," interposed Victor, gayly; "he intends to walk, anyway, and why not here, since you feel nervous?—Preston, won't you get down and keep me company? A walk will do you good, you lazy Hercules."

But Marmaduke rode on, as Victor knew he would.

"Walk if you like, Lee," he said, laughing at the other's unnecessary exertion. "Unhappy mortal, you do not know the deliciousness of a lazy pipe on a balmy afternoon."

"No, I am no smoker," replied Victor; then, after a pause, he added in a lower tone: "But there is no power in tobacco, opium, or all the drugs of the East, that I have not fully tested.—I described to you on Lake Huron one of the visions that came to me in opium; shall I tell you another now, to pass away the time, Miss Fay?"

Helen turned, moved, glanced away, glanced back, as if trying to escape from those relentless blue eyes, which seemed to have, at times, a yellow circle around the blue, and an unmoving steadiness of vision almost opoidian; and yet, they were beautiful. "Yes," she said, finally, with a long-drawn breath.

The cavalcade moved on through the deep, dark forest, laughter, songs, and busy talking in front; then, smoking Marmaduke, lost in a contented reverie; and last, these two who

had fallen a little behind, the man's low voice murmuring on and on, and the spell-bound listener leaning toward him in rapt attention, paling and flushing, but never once turning her eyes away.

The sun began to sink in the west, and sent long slanting rays under the pines.

"Now, then," said Marmaduke, at last, putting up his pipe, "what are you two talking about there behind? I have heard a low murmur for the last hour."

"Come and listen for yourself, unless, indeed, you are too lazy to listen," said Victor, laughing. "I have been relating to Miss Fay some of my Oriental adventures, pomegranates, iced sherbet, and the like. And that reminds me that we must not forget our brook-trout.—Here, Jean, where is that trout-brook?"

"La-bas," answered the old man, pointing off to the right.

"And here is my rod all ready; I will take Jean, go across the ravine, catch trout enough for supper, and join you at the camp," said Victor, unfastening a fishing-rod so perfect in all its appointments that Marmaduke's eyes glistened with enthusiasm.

"What a beauty!" he exclaimed; "I never saw one like it. May I ask where you got it?"

"From Sir John Wentworth," answered Victor, carelessly, naming a celebrated English traveller who had crossed the ocean for the especial pleasure of shooting a buffalo; "I met him on his way West. Take the rod, if you like, Preston, and try your hand for a while."

"Oh, thank you," said the amateur sportsman, taking the coveted rod into his hand; then to Helen: "You do not object, do you?"

"I cannot be left—I must not be left," she said, hurriedly, with downcast eyes.

"I will stay with you until Preston returns," said Victor; "of course, we would not both leave you.—Go on, old fellow, and when you are tired I will take your place."

"If there is any thing I like, it is a chance at a trout; so, Helen, if you do not object, I will go for a little while," said Marmaduke, still looking at the rod.

Helen looked at her lover, and her lips opened, but Victor took the words from her mouth.

"She does not object, of course. We will ride on and join the rest of the party, and have a merry time. Go, Preston; Miss Fay wishes it," he said, with his eyes fixed upon Helen.

"Go, Duke; I wish it," repeated Helen, mechanically. But Marmaduke did not notice the constrained tone, and was off down the ravine in a minute, followed by Jean and his dog; Victor, with a touch of his switch, sent the two riderless horses on in advance to join the file in front, and then, resuming his place by Helen's side, he kept his hand on her bridle, and slackened the pace, until they, too, were virtually alone in the forest.

As the long twilight deepened into dusky evening, four persons came into the camp at the foot of the Iron Mountains.

"Well, well, good people," began Aunt Kane, "how did you happen to fall so far

behind us? Helen, I relied upon you to keep near me."

"Behold, gracious lady, our excuse," interposed Victor, taking a long string of trout from the basket; "to-night we shall feast with the gods."

A cry of delight broke from the hungry chorus at this sight; there was a great clatter of dishes and bustle with blankets and branches going on around the fire, part of the novel and noisy pleasures of a camping-out. Helen Fay stood in the shadow; Victor had lifted her from her horse, and then turned away as Preston came up.

"Tired, dear?" he asked. Then, without waiting for her answer: "Such sport! Such grand sport, Helen!"

"Why did you leave me? Why did you not come back sooner?" she asked, almost sternly.

"It was too bad; forgive me, dear. But oh, such sport, Helen! I really believe that if Lee had not come just now and fairly dragged us away, we should have stayed there all night."

"I believe you would," began Helen; but here Victor's voice was heard calling Marmaduke to assist him in bringing branches for the leafy bed upon which the ladies were to sleep, and dream, as he expressed it, like Diana and her nymphs.

"Let us all be gods and goddesses," said one of the chorus; "I am sure this great Iron Mountain will do for Olympus."

"Who shall be Diana?" said Victor.

"Helen Fay, of course," answered the chorus, "and Julia Carr shall be Venus."

Instantly all was excitement, and names and characters were thrown backward and forward like foot-balls among the merry group.

"You must be Clytie, Miss Eunice," said Victor to the pretty school-girl; "your head has the exact outline of that little statuette. You remember it?"

"Oh, yes," said the young girl, fresh from mythology; "she loved Apollo and turned into a flower."

"Yes," said the chorus; "and, by-the-way, who shall be Apollo?"

"To my mind, Mr. Preston is an ideal Apollo," said Victor.

"He is, he is," chimed the others, enthusiastically; and, in truth, Marmaduke's tall, erect form and handsome head, with close-cut curling golden hair, blue eyes, and Greek features, gave him a strong claim to the sun-god's beauty.

"Go then, Apollo, to your Clytie," said Victor, waving him away.

The school-girl laughed and blushed, as Marmaduke, entering into the play, bowed his lofty head before her; she admired Miss Fay with girlish intensity, but to be her rival even for a few short minutes was rapture.

"Mrs. Kane shall be Juno," pursued Victor; "I know of no one else among us who has the requisite dignity and commanding presence."

Aunt Kane shook her head; but none the less did she adjust her bonnet-strings with a lofty air.

Mars, Ceres, Mercury, Pluto, Proserpina, Minerva, with many lesser deities, were ap-

pointed by the quick-witted Virginian, and sylvan tasks set for each. Gayly the company dispersed to their several duties, going off here and there into the forest, making a picturesque scene in the ruddy light of the camp-fire.

"Old Jean shall be Pan," concluded Victor.—"Pan, go cook the trout." Then, as for the moment he was left alone with Helen, "Do you know whom I have chosen to be Diana?" he said.

She did not reply, but stood in the shadow, pale, cold, and silent.

"I have chosen to be not a god, but Endymion, made more than god by Diana's love."

A flush came into Helen's face; she turned from the speaker, and her eyes wandered through the dusky forest.

"Apollo is there with Clytie," said Victor, mockingly; "why disturb them, goddess, when you have Endymion?"

Helen clasped her hands over her heart as if shielding herself. "Go," she said, with repressed emotion; "leave me, Mr. Lee. I cannot understand you."

"Nor do I intend that you should, goddess," answered the stranger, moving nearer until a ray from the blazing camp-fire shone full in his face, and lighted up his singular eyes with a red gleam, like a stage effect. Helen met the gaze, turned away, turned back again like some fascinated bird, and, at length, with a scream, she fled away into the forest, feeling behind her the step, almost the very breath, of her pursuer as she ran. He might easily have caught her, but he did not; he only kept so closely behind that every instant she seemed to feel his hand on her shoulder. Her breath came in gasps; she felt that she must fall, when, on one side, she distinguished two forms dragging forward a pile of freshly-gathered branches.

"Duke," she cried, springing toward them, "Duke, save me, save me!" and fell into her lover's arms.

"Why, Helen, is it you? What is the matter?" said bewildered Marmaduke, as she clung to him, trembling.

"Part of the play," answered Victor, coming forward with a smile. "Diana has turned nervous; she felt timid in the darkness, and longed for the sun."

"Are you really timid, Miss Fay?" said Clytie to Diana, with curiosity in her glance.

"Nonsense," said Marmaduke, "she is not timid in the least; I have known her face dangers before which I myself quailed."

"There are dangers—and dangers," observed Victor, as the four retraced their steps toward the camp-fire; "mental danger is quite different from physical."

"There you go with your fine-drawn theories, Lee," said Marmaduke, impatiently; "I have no taste for such subtleties.—Here! I am supper ready, ye gods and goddesses? Apollo is hungry."

During the gay feast that followed, Helen Fay sat silently by Marmaduke's side, eating nothing, although her plate was filled with forest dainties. At length weariness came over the travellers, and, led by Aunt Kane, the ladies took possession of the little log-house, whose floor, covered with branches and blankets, was to be their bed; while the men

disposed themselves around the fire outside, to sleep or meditate as they pleased. At midnight all was quiet. Helen, preternaturally wide awake, had tried in vain to sleep. She seemed to be all pulse; pulses throbbed in her throat, and the blood leaped through her veins. She heard the rush of Niagara in her ears, and circles of fire formed themselves within her closed eyelids, and grew large and small with vivid regularity. She pressed her hands upon her eyes, but they would not go away. She tried to say over verses, but she could remember nothing; even the multiplication-table failed her. Her heart palpitated, and a nervous tremor shook her from head to foot. If she stayed a moment longer in that small, close room, she felt that she must shriek aloud. Her bed, or rather her portion of the general couch, was near the open door; softly she rose and slipped out into the night. The camp-fire in front of the house lighted up the forest on either side; but, behind where she stood, in the shadow of the little cabin, it was quite dark; the stars were shining overhead, and a wild bird, with a strange, sweet cry—three quick notes, in a minor key—sang his chant at irregular intervals. The strong aromatic odor of the pine-forest acted upon her nerves like incense; she moved some steps away into the darkness, and stood motionless; and, when a voice breathed her name, and a hand touched hers, she did not turn or stir, so accordant were they with the spirit of the night. The voice said no more, the form came no nearer, but an overpowering presence held her being captive.

Three times the bird sang his chant; then, from the front, they heard the voice of Marmaduke Preston.

"That bird has fairly awakened me with its cry. What bird is it, Jean?"

"C'est le tocsin, Monsieur le Duc," for thus had the voyageur translated Duke's name.

"Tocsin? That means alarm. I trust we are in no danger here," said Marmaduke, with a laugh, as he prepared to lie down again.

"Duke, Duke!" cried a voice, as if in sore distress; and, the next instant, Helen Fay ran through the cabin, and, throwing herself down by his side, hid her face on his arm.

"Helen! You again? What is it?" exclaimed the young man, in alarm.

The awakened sleepers trooped out of the cottage, echoing the same question.

"Only nervousness, I presume," said Victor Lee, coming out of the crowd by the fire. "Miss Fay is so timid, you know—camping out is too much for her."

"Yes, too much for her—too much for her," said the chorus, like a flock of sheep.

"I think I can quiet her if you will give me permission, Mr. Preston," continued Victor.

"I wish you would," said Marmaduke, half alarmed, half annoyed, by Helen's continuous trembling and hidden face.

"It is simply an attack of hysterics, brought on by the close air of the cabin," explained Victor to the huddled chorus. "Make a couch of those blankets, Preston, and I will show you what magnetism can do in such cases."

"Magnetism! How interesting!" exclaimed the chorus, drawing near. But Miss Fay no sooner felt the light, waving touch of the Virginian's hands, than she opened her eyes. "Duke," she said, wildly; "Duke—Duke!"

"I am here, Helen. What is it, dear?" said puzzled Marmaduke, bending over her.

"Do not leave me; stay with me," she murmured, closing her eyes again.

"Take her up in your arms, Mr. Preston; she will rest more easily in that way," said Victor; "and my experiment will be all the more triumphant," he added in a low tone, as he bent over his patient.

The lurid glare of the fire lighted up the group, with the curious chorus behind; Aunt Kane, wrapped in a Mackinac blanket, added the comic element to the scene, for not even as Juno could she go without her nightcap, and its ruffle peeped out around her majestic features.

Victor, bending over his patient, continued the waving motion of his hands over her pale face; she did not open her eyes again, and the silence around her was breathless, save for the sudden cry of the tocsin-bird, sending every now and then a thrill through the watching spectators behind. At last the magnetizer drew back. "She is asleep," he said; "she will not wake before morning. You can go back, ladies, and rest in peace."

"But she cannot stay here in the open air," objected Aunt Kane from her blanket.

"It was the air of the cabin, no doubt, that affected her in the beginning; and, besides, if she leaves me, she will awaken. Why should she not stay where she is with Mr. Preston? Or why should you not stay with her, Mrs. Kane?" said Victor, looking up with a lurking smile.

But that sacred nightcap could not be exposed to the gaze of the public, and Aunt Kane withdrew hastily into the shadow.

"Are you not mistaken about her waking so easily, Lee?" said Marmaduke; "she seems to be sleeping very soundly." Victor stepped back a few paces. Helen stirred and turned her head toward him.

"You see," he said, quietly.

"How remarkable!" said the chorus; "just like books!" "Mesmer and the Salem witches, you know!" "Yes; and the Bible, too; there was Saul himself." "I am going to sit up all night, and watch!" But, after a time, even curiosity faded before the advance of sleep, and, one by one, the feminine part of the chorus straggled back to bed, and left the outsiders to themselves; gradually, too, the circle around the fire fell asleep, and even Marmaduke slumbered, leaning back against a mossy rock. Only the Virginian remained awake, and kept a quiet watch over the unconscious face on Marmaduke's breast.

The next morning a bright sun dispersed the shadowy events of the night, and the Iron Mountain, towering above, filled all minds. Every one ate heartily, save Miss Fay, who, pale and worn, took only a cup of coffee, and listlessly put her plate away untouched. The horses were left behind, for this was to be a pedestrian excursion. Gayly the company began to climb, now stopping to exhaust their adjectives over a high rock of solid ore, and

now rushing on to some higher bank of the outcropping iron, with many a laugh and jest. Helen Fay kept closely by Marmaduke's side. Now this way, now that way, she turned; now she stopped, and now she went on, apparently without purpose.

"Well, Helen," said Marmaduke, at last, "do you know where you want to go?—Don't try to follow us, Lee," turning to the Virginian, close behind them; "we are to be like will-o'-the-wisp this morning, I see."

But Victor kept his place.

Suddenly Helen sank down on the ground. "I can go no farther," she said, helplessly.

"Why, dear, you used to be the strongest of all," said Duke, casting a disappointed glance toward the party in advance.

"Miss Fay has eaten nothing for twenty-four hours; no wonder she is tired," said Victor. "Fortunately, it is lunch-time. I will call the party together here."

So he summoned in all the stragglers, and the baskets were opened. But again Helen turned faintly away from the food.

"If you can eat nothing, Miss Fay, take some of this cordial," said Victor; "a tablespoonful will revive you."

"No; I do not wish it."

"Take it, Helen; it will do you good," urged Marmaduke, adding his voice to Victor's.

Still she would not.

"Take it," said Victor again, moving so that his back was toward the rest of the party; and, under the power of those eyes, Helen took the flask and swallowed the cordial.

After lunch the party separated.

"There up above is the highest point," said Victor; "from there you can see the unbroken wilderness of Northern Michigan extending back for miles."

"Northern Michigan! Extending back for miles! How interesting!" exclaimed the chorus, immediately starting for the summit, staff in hand. Even Aunt Kane climbed briskly, and wondered at her own joints. Helen walked on a few steps, then she sat down on a fallen tree. "I cannot go," she said, in the same helpless tone.

"Of course I shall stay with you," said Marmaduke; but his eyes followed the climbers.

"That is not necessary, Mr. Preston," interposed Victor. "I have seen the view several times, and, if you wish to go with the others, I will remain with Miss Fay until you return.—You wish him to go, do you not?" he added, looking at Helen.

"Yes," she answered, faintly; then, with a flush of color, "yes," she repeated quickly, "go, Duke. I wish it."

And Duke went.

That night they camped again at the foot of the Iron Mountain. "Mr. Preston," said Victor Lee, as for a moment they happened to be together away from the rest of the party, "I wish to speak to you alone. Slip away and come up the mountain at midnight as far as the iron rock."

"Well, but is it something worth the trouble, Lee?" began Marmaduke, rather weary of the gods and goddesses, and the endless pranks of the camping-party.

"Come, as I say, or you will repent it all your life," answered Victor, sternly; then he joined the merry group around the fire, leaving his companion somewhat perplexed, although inclined to consider the answer as a joke. That night Miss Fay made no commotion in the camp; whether she slept or not she was quiet, and the others were soon asleep. Marmaduke made a desperate effort to keep awake, but failed. Suddenly he awoke with a start; it was the tocsin-bird which had roused him with its cry. He held his watch up in the light of the fire; it was a superb watch, and, together with his seal-ring, a genuine antique, betrayed a somewhat boyish taste for splendor. The hands pointed to midnight, and, with a sigh, the sleepy Apollo lifted up his long length and started up the mountain, inwardly anathematizing the vagaries of the Virginian in appointing such a rendezvous. "I don't believe it is any thing important," he thought as he climbed; but the tocsin sounded close at his ear, and he felt the whirl of wings as the bird flew by to take up his station in a neighboring tree. At length he reached the iron rock, and, looking up, saw the gleam of a cigar on the summit. "Well, old fellow, why have you brought me up here in the middle of the night," began Marmaduke, not in the best of tempers.

"To show you what a fool you are," answered the Virginian, calmly. Duke looked up, doubtful whether he had heard aright; Victor stood above him on the edge of the iron rock, just beyond the reach of his arms. "What?" he asked.

"To show you what a fool you are," repeated the voice above.

"What do you mean?" cried the young Hercules below, with a threatening gesture.

"What I say. I suppose, nay, I know, that you love Helen Fay. Well, she has promised to run away with me to-night."

"Liar!" thundered Marmaduke, making a spring toward the mocking voice.

"You'll only cut your hands on the rock," replied Victor. "Look, do you see this? Stand, and listen to what I have to say." And Marmaduke, looking up, saw a pistol pointed at his head.

"Are you mad, Lee?" he cried, turning to find a way by which he could climb up behind his enemy's iron fortress, for the front was smooth as a granite wall. The pistol followed the movement.

"Stand," cried the voice; "another step and you are a dead man!"

Unarmed, Marmaduke hesitated; no man likes to be shot down like a dog.

"Do you suppose, if I intended to carry off the girl, I should take you into my confidence?" continued the voice. "I would not harm her, lovely, delicate flower that she is! I have only been making an experiment. The moment I saw her high-wrought emotional face, and her eyes betraying a tremulous susceptibility to magnetic influences, I knew she was a subject for me, poor, unappreciated, misunderstood soul! Wandering vagabond that I am, I yet could make her happier than you can, you slow ox! As soon as I saw her I began to work upon her with the strange uncomprehended power of a fixed gaze, seen

and understood by the serpent, but unseen and scorned by stupid man. Then, when I had reduced her, with all her pride, and fierce though silent opposition, to a state of nervous weakness, I used mesmerism, another power most potent in such an organization as hers. She is, in effect, mesmerized at this moment. She will do as I say, she will follow me to the ends of the earth if I so will, and yet in reality she loves you. Now, having finished the experiment, I am willing to restore her to you, although your stupidity has more than once tempted me to take her for myself. But life with me would be hard, and besides she would be a hinderance to my movements. Entirely out of tenderness for her I tell you all this, in order that your blind eyes may be opened, and your deaf ears unstopped, to know the delicacy of the treasure in your clumsy hands. In reality, Helen Fay loves you. Her promise to go with me to-night is but the result of my power over her."

"She did not promise," foamed Marmaduke below. "You are a liar and a coward!" and, glaring at his tormentor, he shook his fists fiercely.

"Wait and see," pursued the voice. "Lie down just where you are. I see her coming. Move or speak, and I will shoot her through the heart! Lie down instantly, or I shoot! One—two—" Marmaduke dropped, and the next moment Helen Fay appeared. Victor had distinguished her gray dress in the shadow below. As she reached the base of the rock, he swung himself lightly down and stood by her side, holding the pistol in his right hand, plainly visible to Marmaduke crouching in the bushes, but concealed from her eyes as she glanced toward him.

"You have come, Helen," he said.

"I have come," she repeated.

"And you will go with me to-night?"

"I will go with you to-night."

"And you do not love Marmaduke Preston, after all?"

"I do not love Marmaduke Preston, after all."

Here there was a faint stir in the bushes. Victor instantly raised the pistol and held it within an inch of the girl's side. She could not see it, but Marmaduke trembled and became motionless again.

"Helen," said Victor, "give me one kiss." And as Helen Fay lifted her proud head to comply, he glanced aside and caught Marmaduke's face lifted above the bushes, its eyes glaring like some infuriated wild beast's. Victor paused an instant and smiled at his rival. This was his triumph.

Then he turned to Helen, and, waving off the offered face, "Never mind now," he said, "Give me your rings, watch, and purse. I will take care of them for you. Go down and wait for me beside the brook beyond the camp; I will come for you with the horses."

Without a word, Helen turned away and descended the hill-side, and in silence the two men watched her gray outline until it passed beyond the light of the camp-fire and was lost in the forest below.

"Now," resumed Victor, with the pistol pointed at Marmaduke, "I have proved my words, young man. I might have carried her off, and, rest assured, you would never have

seen Helen Fay again on earth. As it is, I restore her to you. Go back to her, try to understand her, and don't go blundering through life as you have blundered through the last two weeks. Another time I might not be so merciful. Go back, for Helen loves you, and you alone; I have read her innermost heart."

"Who and what are you?" cried Marmaduke, rage and angry pride contending with the revulsion of joy produced by the stranger's last words.

"I am well known," answered the man, with a laugh. "You will find my marks in all the great Eastern cities, and, when you know who I am, you will wonder that I treated you so kindly. But your Helen charmed me, and I have kept with you in order to complete my experiment upon her. Now, however, I must be off. Give me your watch and ring, I have taken a fancy to them."

"Are you then a thief?" said Marmaduke, scornfully.

"Yes, at your service. And that is not all I am. Trust me, young sir, I advise you well when I tell you not to oppose me."

"I am not afraid of you, murderer," said Marmaduke, with flashing eyes fixed on the pistol pointed at his breast.

"Never try to spring. It will be useless," said the man, quietly. "Why do you hesitate? Have I not given your Helen safely back into your arms when she was entirely in my power?"

The two stood eying each other like two wild beasts before the death-spring. Every possible chance and contingency whirled through Marmaduke Preston's brain with that pistol pointing at his heart and those inflexible eyes behind it. If he had doubted the eyes and the hand! But he felt that the first were pitiless and the last sure. There was no way save the one proposed by the bandit.

"If I give them to you—" he began.

"Yes, yes, I understand," interrupted the stranger; "you are no coward, I know that. If you were, I should have shot you long ago. I have the advantage of you; you are unarmed, and must yield or die. But, in generosity, you ought to give me the trinkets voluntarily, in place of Helen."

"Is she worth no more than these?" said Marmaduke, laying the watch and ring on the ground between them.

"Not to me!" answered the man, smiling. "Go, now, Marmaduke Preston. If you see Sir John Wentworth when he comes back from the plains, ask him how he lost his fishing-rod. I bequeath it to you. And, as for Victor Lee, of Leesburg, you may tell him I borrowed his name for a while. Perhaps I shall take yours next, who knows? Farewell, Apollo! I will stand here and watch you down the path. You can give the alarm, when you are out of the range of my pistol, if you choose, but I advise you not to do it. It will be useless, and might throw scandal upon Helen, who is out there in the forest waiting for me. Go, now! My time is short."

Marmaduke stood a moment, but Fate was too strong for him; he went down the side of the mountain. When he reached the bottom,

he turned and looked back, and, as he did so, the bandit waved his hand and disappeared into the thick forest behind. The young New-Yorker hesitated; he could see the camp-fire and the sleeping figures around it. Should he give the alarm? But the image of Helen rose before him, he made a *détour*, reached the brook-side, and found her cold and half insensible on its bank. "My darling," he cried, and clasped her in his arms.

The next morning there was great commotion in the camp at the foot of the Iron Mountain. "Wake up! wake up!" shrieked Aunt Kane, shaking her niece, who seemed to be unusually sound asleep on her leafy couch by the door; "my watch is gone, and my rings, and my purse!"

"And mine!" cried another.

"And mine! and mine! and mine!" screamed the chorus.

Dire confusion reigned, all voices talking at once, all counting their losses. The camp had been plundered, no one had escaped, both outside and inside there was not a valuable left.

"Where is Victor Lee?" said one of the gentlemen. "Could he have been the thief?" suggested another; "after all, we know very little about him."

But the ladies vehemently derided this idea. The camp had been plundered by some marauder, who had evidently followed them from Marquette, and possibly even from Detroit; such outlaws were only too common in the wilds of the West. But, to connect such a deed with Mr. Lee! Absurd! Outrageous! He had his own reasons, probably, for leaving them so suddenly, but the idea that such a man could be a common thief!

"Not common, but most uncommon, I should say," commented the original suggester of the libel. But the ladies laughed him to scorn.

"The Lees of Leesburg!" said Aunt Kane. "Impossible!"

"Helen," said Marmaduke Preston, several years later, "Maryland Victor is taken at last—out beyond the Rocky Mountains."

The fair wife turned pale. "Oh, I hope they will not—they will not—" She could not finish.

"Hang him, do you mean? He richly deserved it, the scoundrel!" said Marmaduke, clinching his teeth, as he thought of the scene on the Iron Mountain. "But they had no opportunity. It was in one of those cañons, he was surrounded by United States troops, and, when he found that escape was impossible, he shot himself through the heart."

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

WINTER IN QUEBEC.

WINTER comes very punctually at Quebec. In August the days are often intensely hot, but at night the temperature is low enough to make blankets comfortable. Toward the close of the month there is frost at night, though it is hardly perceptible except by the slight rime that lies upon grass-plots at early morn. September and October are the pleasantest months of the year;

October especially being marked by the best characteristics of Indian summer. Early in November the days grow chilly, and flurries of snow fall, some of it lying for a day or two on the hill-tops; but that is only a reminder of what is to come. As nearly as possible on the 25th of November, the regular snow-fall begins, coming generally from the east. This is winter; and people know that they have nearly five months of it, with accumulations and aggravations ahead of them.

The snow has come, and it falls very steadily, to begin with, for a couple of days, by which time there is a depth of some two or three feet on the ground. If accompanied by wind, as it often is, drifts of from ten to twenty feet deep are formed. Another fall comes early in December, and then the face of the country becomes one level plain, all fences and boundary-marks being completely obliterated. In the city the road-ways are so heaped up with accumulated snow, that the sleighs are running on a level with the heads of people on the sidewalks. By Christmas and New-Year the weather has become crisp and cold. Zero is considered to be a very gentle hint from the thermometer; and, a week or two later, people are not surprised to find that the mercury has fallen from twelve to twenty degrees lower during the night. When the temperature is very low, the air is always calm, and this, with its dryness, makes a low degree much more endurable than a higher one with wind.

Every house in Quebec is comfortable, and that with a much smaller expenditure of fuel than one might suppose. There is hardly a house in or about Quebec, from the solid mansion to the wooden cottage, that is not fortified with double window-sashes and doors. These are put on in November, and never removed until May. A sliding pane in each window, called a *tirette*, suffices for the occasional admission of fresh air.

And now, winter being regularly established, all the staple business of Quebec, which centres in the great timber interest, rolls itself up like a bear, and goes to sleep for five months, beginning in November and ending in April. The last ship has gone out from port—often in a snow-storm—her spars and rigging mailed in treacherous ice. The long lines of coves in which the timber lies are blocked with ice. Looking down from Durham Terrace on the river some three hundred feet below, it is seen to be covered with fields of floating ice, which drift to and fro with the tide. Until the ice settles so as to form a bridge—and in some winters the bridge is not formed at all—it is a trying time for travellers coming to the city—a trying time for the carriage of the mails. Point Levi (now called Lévis), opposite Quebec, is the station of the Grand-Trunk Railway, and, until the ice-bridge sets, travel across the river is by canoes. It is a regular arctic business, this crossing the St. Lawrence by canoe in winter. The canoes are large wooden ones of the "dug-out" sort, each of them manned by experienced and adroit *voyageurs*. The passengers are packed in buffalo-robcs, and stowed away like bales. There is more ice than water visible; and, when the canoe gets entangled among the drifting floes, the *voyageurs* leap out, drag

it across, and launch it in the water beyond. Sometimes it takes three hours to effect a crossing in this way, though the river is little more than a mile wide.

But, although business lies torpid, pleasure has a lively time of it during winter in Quebec. The place, in general, has a carnival appearance when the snow has settled down, and there are some peculiar features about it that are both fantastic and picturesque. The market-place is crowded with peasants; the women in fur bonnets and garments of indescribable cut; the men in long coats of coarse gray cloth, with hoods, and confined at the waist with broad, heavy sashes of bright colors. A blue or red woollen cap—the *bonnet bleu* or *bonnet rouge*—used to be the invariable head-dress of the *habitans* in winter, but that has generally given way to the fur cap. The sashes already referred to appear to be—like the *fez* of the Turks—a sort of sacred emblem among the French Canadians. Not unfrequently they are heirlooms, and have been transmitted for generations from father to son. Hardly a word but French is to be heard here on a market-day. The Canadians of the town and its suburbs speak English enough, generally, for purposes of traffic, but that is less common among country-people who come from a distance. The *traineaux*, or rough sleighs, in which they travel, drawn by stout, rough-coated ponies, are ranged along the sides of the market-place. Many of these ponies are swift trotters, and they can stand any amount of cold and fatigue.

Indians of the Huron tribe are to be seen here and there in the market-place. Some of them have snow-shoes for sale, horns of the moose and caribou, and various other articles of Indian merchandise. They are a very civilized race of Indians, these Hurons of Lorette, living in comfortable log-houses, and working industriously at their trade in moccasins and fancy Indian goods. Sometimes they go on a hunt for a few weeks, to obtain a supply of moose-hides and furs for their manufactures. The men usually dress in blanket-coats, of the same cut as those worn by the *habitans*, and fastened with the invariable party-colored sash. Squaws, dressed in blue-cloth garments, partly Indian in cut, partly of the current style, go to and fro in the market-place, with bead-work and baskets for sale. The scene is a busy and picturesque one, with its striking contrast of civilized and semi-savage life.

Very blooming and bright are the belles of Quebec, for they are not afraid of exercise, and much of their time is passed out in the frosty air. Sleighing-parties to Montmorency or Lorette—each distant about eight miles from town—are among the leading winter amusements here. At the Falls of Montmorency an immense mountain of ice, called "the cone," forms in front of the cascade, from the congealed spray. The sleighers usually stop here for an hour or so, to enjoy, with their fair partners, the fun of "coasting" down the cone. Sledges for this purpose are furnished by speculators at hand. Starting from the top of the cone, the sledge with its occupant is propelled to a great distance along the frozen surface of the river.

Then the cavalier has to toil up with it to the top of the cone again, and start his lovely, though often rather exacting partner, on another flight over the ice. Night has fallen ere the party think of returning. There is, or used to be, a sort of half-way *auberge* on the road, near Beauport, and here the merry parties would often stop on their way home to improvise a festive dance, which was prolonged, sometimes, until long past midnight.

And they walk on snow-shoes, too, do these dauntless damsels of Quebec. Often, of bright afternoons, parties of ladies with their beaux are to be seen making their way to the open country outside the walls, their *raquettes* slung over their shoulders. They have much for trimming on their dresses, and their moccasined feet and ankles show prettily beneath their shortened skirts. Their attendant cavaliers generally wear blankets or deer-leather coats, with fancy trimmings, and the whole group offers a very picturesque sight, you may depend upon it. There are less agreeable occupations than fastening a snow-shoe to a pretty, little, pliant foot. Falls will take place, too—accidentally, of course—and it is ever so much nicer to pick up a pretty girl from a snow-bank than to gather a pink from a parterre.

Snow-shoeing is one of the best of pedestrian exercises. Of course, with the merry parties just mentioned, it is more a pretext for a little flirtation and fun than an athletic sport. But many of the young men of Quebec are great proficient on snow-shoes, running races upon them over the country, and clearing with them such fences as here and there crop up out of the snow. Before the troops were removed from Quebec, the practice of snow-shoe walking was a regular part of the soldiers' drill. It is an accomplishment by no means difficult to master. Several soft falls at first, perhaps, and then, in a few days, the tyro is fully compensated by the feeling of power with which he skims over drifts and ridges, into which, without snow-shoes, he would sink to the chin. Green veils are often worn to protect the eyes from the glare of the snow. Sometimes the breath freezes on these, forming a little sharp ridge, and then the wearer finds, on returning home, that there is a very manifest abrasion on the bridge of his nose.

Next to timber and lumber, snow may be looked upon as the principal production of Quebec. I have seen sleighs running on the first of May, and once, walking across the flowery pastures in the middle of June, I found drifts of snow four or five feet deep in shady ravines. In the ship-yards great lumps of ice are to be found all the year round, buried beneath the chips and splinters that fly from the adze of the shipwright.

Skating used to be a troublesome amusement at Quebec, in consequence of the frequent and heavy snow-storms, after each of which the ice had to be cleared with much labor and at much cost. Of late years they have established covered rinks, where the brave damsels of Stadacona (ancient name of Quebec) show their lithe and graceful forms to great advantage on the mazy runners. In the garrison-times, matches were not unfrequently made on skates: that is,

not matches of speed, one against another, but matrimonial matches.

The "lower town" of Quebec, in which all the great warehouses are, though busy enough in summer, in winter is like a sleeping city. The rude cliffs that overhang it block up its alleys and narrow streets with avalanches of snow. Looking from it out on the river, one sees roads radiating over the broad ice-fields in every direction. These are marked out (*balisés*) with rows of spruce-saplings, to keep travellers on the right track. Yonder is one to the Isle of Orleans, and a long file of *traineaux* is coming merrily along it with country produce for the market, the voices of the drivers ringing sonorously in the frosty air as they troll forth the interminable verses of some old French ditty. Looking in another direction, the eye rests upon the spray from the great cascade of Montmorency, which, when the sun is low, looks like an immense volume of roseate smoke rising from the crater of some volcano.

The principal suburb of Quebec is called St. Roch, and extends over a large space of ground to the north and east of the heights upon which the city proper is built. In the middle of it there stands a large church, called St. Joseph's, after the patron saint of carpenters, whose trade—chiefly in connection with ship-building—is the principal one of the place. But Quebec is no longer the great ship-building centre it was fifteen or twenty years ago. The fashion of iron ships has wrought devastation upon what was its great glory; and I know not to what trade, or what land, the children of St. Joseph, with the ring of whose implements the ship-yards once resounded, have betaken themselves. In winter it was always silent, save for the jingling of the sleigh-bells and the merry laughter of the sleighers. In winter the ship-carpenter's occupation was gone. He amused himself with constructing models of ships, smoked extra pipes of strong tobacco, was not absolutely averse to a ration of rum, and got up dances of an evening to while away the time.

Like the ship-carpenters, the stevedores—a numerous and hard-working class at Quebec—are out of employment in winter. Once I had lodgings in a stevedore's house, some distance outside the city. His principal occupation was digging the house out from the snow-drifts in which it was enveloped after each succeeding storm. One day he, a widower, took to himself a second wife, to celebrate which event he had all the stevedores in the neighborhood up to the house that evening. Let the wind howl and the snow drift never so heavily that night, they kept it up right uproariously till the red morning dawned, did these bold stevedores. The room in which they caroused was next the one occupied by me, and, as sleep was impossible, I contented myself by contributing, *sotto voce*, to the boisterous chorus of each sea-song as the strains of it came thundering round my pillow. I knew of a stevedore who used to brag—happy man!—that he had not seen snow for I forget how many years. He used to find his winter employment at Savannah, in Georgia, to which semi-tropical paradise

he hied him annually just before the beginning of winter at Quebec.

Fishing for tommy-cods through the ice is one of the winter amusements at Quebec. These big-headed, ugly little fishes come up in immense shoals, during the winter, under the ice. A wide bay, where the river St. Charles *débouche* into the St. Lawrence, is the best place to fish for them. On the ice, here, parties club together and build snug little *cabanes* of boards, so constructed as to be easily moved. Each *cabane* is provided with a small stove. Near one side of it, and along its entire length, an oblong aperture is cut in the ice, and beside this the fishers sit on benches and stools, dipping down hand-lines, the hooks of which are baited with bits of liver or any kind of offal. The fish bite very freely, and, when a number of them has been caught, they are transferred to the frying-pan and cooked for supper. Ingredients for a brew of punch are included in the arrangements, and presently the *cabane* is so filled with the fumes from tobacco-pipes that objects are obliterated. Occasionally it happens that men go a-fishing for tommy-cods, and are surprised that the fish do not bite. The usual reason for this is, that the tide, unknown to the bold fishers, is out, and they are casting their ineffectual hooks on dry ground.

Plenty of venison—chiefly that of the moose and caribou—is brought into Quebec in winter. Sportsmen make up parties, and, with half-breed hunters for guides, penetrate the densely-wooded hills to the northward for caribou, which are nearly identical with the reindeer in appearance and habits. The moose country lies chiefly on the south side of the St. Lawrence, in the vast, unexplored woods of which district these animals are still to be found in considerable numbers. The hunters run them down on snow-shoes until they get them at bay, when the rifle is brought into requisition, and the huge animal falls in his tracks. Some of the amateur hunters follow these animals chiefly for the sake of their heads and horns, which are preserved as trophies, many of them finding their final resting-places among the memorials of the chase displayed in English baronial halls. The venison of both these kinds of deer is of excellent quality. From the large, pendulous upper lip of the moose—called *mufe* by the Canadians—a capital soup, resembling mock-turtle, is made, and it is cooked into very appetizing dishes in many other ways besides.

Society at Quebec, as at New Orleans, is divided into English and French—the latter being the stronger, and having diffused through it a large aristocratic element. They are not absolutely exclusive of each other, but there is a mutual jealousy between them which is not likely to die out. When Quebec was the seat of government, the two sections met on common ground at the governor-general's parties, and the mixed nationalities made a society of the most agreeable kind. There is an indefinable charm about the French-Canadian women which extends even to the peasant-girls. The upper classes, although preferring their native language, speak English perfectly, albeit with a slight French accent, which is rather piquant than

otherwise. They talk amusingly, dance gracefully, and dress with the proverbial taste of the French from whom they are descended. And so, between one thing and another, the winter passes merrily enough.

In April the regular thaw sets in, and every runlet and gutter becomes a torrent on its own account. Early in May frogs perk up their heads and chirp between lumps of half-thawed snow in marshy ponds; the song-sparrow warbles from the alder-bush; vegetation spreads its pale-green bloom over the forests, and winter at Quebec is at an end until the finger of the calendar once more touches November.

CHARLES DAWSON SHAWLY.

A PRAYER TO SAINT VALENTINE.

COME, happy saint of olden time,
And grace thy festal day!
Teach my dull lips some golden rhyme—
Some magic roundelay,
Through which my soul can whisper all
Her heart can scarce divine;
And let not quite unheeded fall
My simple Valentine!

Ah, weary doubts that press and chide!
Ah, cruel fears that mock!
How long shall I still stand beside
Her heart's shut door and knock?
Time flies, hope dies, the seasons wane—
Ah, join thy voice to mine,
So shall I plead not all in vain,
Thou kind Saint Valentine!

Bend o'er her head blue skies of peace,
Hang out thy brightest star,
To light her path till all storms cease
In that sweet home afar.
And wheresoe'er her steps may stray,
Still keep Love's watch benign;
And be by night and be by day
Her constant Valentine!

And, ah, dear saint, when none is by,
And she alone can hear,
On silken sandals steal thou nigh,
And whisper in her ear;
Speak but one word, breathe just one name,
But let that name be mine,
That she may know me still the same—
Her faithful Valentine!

BARTON GREY.

A SUPPER WITH RACHEL.

THE French at last seem disposed to give Alfred de Musset the place that properly belongs to him in their literature.

This is scarcely less than a debt of honor they owe his memory, for he has till now been frequently, if not generally, misunderstood and falsely judged. The reason may be found in the fact that he differed widely from the majority of modern French authors. His romantic, dreamy turn of mind made him more German, perhaps, than French in his nature, although Heine, in his undue love of ridicule and satire, wholly misunderstood him. Of late, his works and his genius have been favorite themes with the French literary journals—they seem determined to do full

justice at last to the memory of their gifted countryman, who died May 1, 1857.

His posthumous works consist of a small volume containing "Faustine," a dramatic fragment, "L'Ane et le Ruisseau," and a collection of his letters. In one of the latter we find an exceedingly graphic account of a supper with the renowned *tragédienne*, which will aid us materially in appreciating the development and understanding the character of the greatest actress France, and perhaps the world, has ever produced. The poet requested the lady, who received the letter, to preserve it, in order that the remembrance of the evening might not be lost. Fortunately, his wish was complied with.

It was one night after a representation of "Tancred." In the fifth act Rachel had drawn floods of tears from her auditors, and she herself was so deeply affected that she scarcely had strength to go through the last scene. After the representation she walked leisurely through the arcades of the Palais Royal, in company with a number of her colleagues of both sexes, toward home, when she met our young poet, whom she invited to join the party. They directed their steps toward the residence of the *tragédienne*, which was near by, and where they expected to find a sumptuous repast in waiting. They were disappointed. No preparation whatever had been made for their entertainment, and, to make matters worse, Rachel was compelled to send her only servant back to the theatre for some jewelry she had negligently left in her dressing-room. Now, there was no one to prepare the supper, except Rachel herself. She withdrew for a minute, and returned in a "modest muslin gown," a little white cap *à la bonne*, a white apron, and a neckerchief. De Musset says she was as beautiful as an angel in this costume, but it would be hard to imagine an angel of the Rachel description. In her hands she carried a platter, on which there were three large beefsteaks, which she had herself prepared. She placed the dish on the table, and cried out: "Fall to, everybody!" then back she went to the kitchen for a *terrine* of soup and a dish of spinach. This was all she could find, and was, consequently, all she had to offer her guests. There were no plates or spoons, as the servant had the keys in her keeping. Rachel went on another tour of discovery, and found a bowl of salad. *Sans cérémonie* she took the spoon and began to eat her soup with it.

"But, child," said the mother, "there are some tin plates in the kitchen."

Out went Rachel again, and soon came back with a handful of tin plates, which she distributed among her guests.

"Child," began the mother again, "these beefsteaks are too much done."

"That's very true, mother," returned Rachel. "When I was in practice, I cooked better.—But, Sarah," turning suddenly to her sister, "what's the matter with you? Why don't you eat?"

"I would sooner go hungry than eat off tin plates," replied Sarah, sullenly.

"Humph! It won't be long till you will want a servant at each elbow," returned Rachel. Then, turning to De Musset, she con-

tinued: "Would you believe that, when I played at the Théâtre Molière, I had only two pairs of stockings, and every morning—"

Here Sarah began to speak German in order to prevent her sister being heard; but Rachel was not to be interrupted. "Ah! stop speaking German! I am not ashamed to tell how poor we were.—I had only two pairs of stockings, and was, therefore, compelled to wash one pair every morning, in order to have a clean pair for the stage in the evening. And then I had to do nearly all our house-work. I rose every morning at six, and by eight I had all the chamber-work done. Then I went to market. I was an economical and honest cook—was I not, mother?"

"Yes, that you were. I never had any fault to find with you," said the mother.

"Only once," continued Rachel, "was I guilty of pilfering. What I paid four sous for, I reckoned at five, and continued to do so until I had three francs."

"And what did you do with your money?" asked the poet.

"She bought a Molière with it," interrupted the mother.

"Yes," continued Rachel; "I already had Racine's and Corneille's works, and wanted Molière's. I bought it with my three francs, and then confessed my crime."

In the mean time the servant returned with the jewelry that had been left behind, and some of the guests took leave. Sarah still persisted in continuing her fast, and in speaking German, but without succeeding in preventing Rachel from narrating anecdotes of her youth and poverty. Finally, she took it into her head to make some punch, which she set on fire, and then put the candles under the table, in order that the blue flame of the burning liquor could be better seen. But only a casual word was necessary to put a stop to this merrymaking, and bring art and poetry on the *tapis*.

"How beautifully you read the letter in the fifth act this evening!" observed De Musset. "You seemed to be very deeply moved."

"Yes," replied Rachel, "I felt as though I were dissolved into atoms. Nevertheless, I don't care much for the tragedy of 'Tancrède'—it is so unnatural!"

"You prefer the tragedies of Corneille and Racine," said the poet.

"I love Corneille," she answered, "although he is sometimes trivial and bombastic, and then he is not always true to Nature. The verse in 'Les Horaces,' for example, 'The mistress, yes, but not the consort, can we change,' always seemed to me coarse and commonplace."

"But true, notwithstanding," observed De Musset.

"Perhaps—that, however, does not prevent its being unworthy the poet, which it surely is. Compare him with Racine, noble, sublime Racine! Oh, how I worship him! And do you know that I have resolved to play Phœdra?" As she made this declaration she brought her fist down heavily on the table. "They tell me I am not old enough, have not strength enough. I won't listen to such nonsense! Phœdra is Racine's greatest creation, and I am going to play it. They

shall see whether I am old enough and have strength enough or not!"

"If you fail, you will be sorry you did not listen to advice," interposed Sarah.

"Mind your own affairs!" cried Rachel. "Try it I am determined to. Not equal to the part?—well, we shall see! A woman, being devoured by a criminal passion, and yet preferring death to dishonor—a woman, who is being consumed by an inward fire—it is impossible that such a woman can be round and fat like Madame Paradol. It would be contrary to Nature. I have gone through the part at least a dozen times within the last few days. I don't know yet just how I shall play her, but I do know that I shall not fail. Let the critics write what they please, they cannot and shall not turn me from my purpose. They say every thing they can think of to injure and discourage me. Never mind, let them. I'm determined to play Phœdra, if there are not six people in the house."

Her ill-will toward the critics was evinced by several other remarks of a similar nature.

"My child," interposed the mother, after a time, "you talk too much. You were up this morning at six o'clock, and your tongue has hardly been still all day. You will talk yourself sick."

"Never fear, mother; it's only when I am talking that I feel thoroughly well," replied Rachel; and then, turning to De Musset: "Shall I get the book? Shall we go through the tragedy together?"

"If you like—yes, certainly," said the poet.

Sarah observed that it was already half-past eleven.

"Well, suppose it is? If you want to go to bed, you know the way, don't you?" replied Rachel.

Sarah, acting upon the suggestion, retired, and Rachel went into an adjoining room for a volume of Racine. When she returned, her whole being seemed to have changed—there was something grand and sublime in her bearing. She looked like a heathen goddess about to perform a sacred rite. The mother had fallen into a doze. Rachel took a seat beside the poet, and, bending over the book as she opened it, said:

"Oh, how I love Racine! I could read him day in and day out, and never think of eating, drinking, or sleeping!"

They now read together, holding the book between them.

"At first," says De Musset, "she read in a monotonous tone, as though she were repeating a litany, but gradually she became more animated. We exchanged ideas over every passage. Finally, she came to the declaration-scene, and, although she used only half her voice, still she seemed to surrender herself entirely to her author; his genius transfigured her. Never have I beheld any thing so beautiful, so thrilling; never on the stage has she made so deep an impression on me. The fatigue, a slight hoarseness, the punch, the lateness of the hour, the almost feverish excitement she betrayed, lent to this young face an irresistible charm. Add to all this the disorder on the table before us, the

trembling flames of our two candles, and the sleeping mother, who sat in the corner back of us—all this would make a picture worthy of a Rembrandt, or chapter in a romance worthy of a 'Wilhelm Meister.'"

It was long after midnight when Rachel's father came home from the opera. He had hardly entered the room when he began to scold her for sitting up so late, and commanded her to stop reading. She closed the book violently, and cried:

"It is not to be endured! I'll buy myself some candles and read alone in bed!" And the big tears that rolled down her cheeks seem to have touched the poet's heart. He says he felt for her in his inmost soul, although it would be difficult to see, as it seems to us, from his own representing, that the young lady was so very badly treated.

After playing ten or twelve of the greatest female characters in the French drama with unparalleled success, she finally, on the 21st of January, 1843, just one month before completing her twenty-second year, essayed the character of Phœdra. The result showed that she had not over-estimated her powers. On that memorable night in the history of the Théâtre Français she achieved, perhaps, her most brilliant triumph. From this moment to the time of her death she was without a rival, it being universally conceded that she was the greatest actress of her age, if not of any age. She excelled, however, in the classic rather than in the modern drama. She was Greek from head to foot—in her walk, in all her movements, in her entire person. She had received every thing from Nature that was necessary to the personation of those characters in which she particularly excelled—largeness of gesture, majesty of mien, nobility of expression, and resonance and flexibility of voice.

But the great *tragédienne*, the incomparable Phœdra, was not without her weaknesses, and one of the greatest of these was her inordinate love of gold. She was a genuine worshipper of Mammon. Her first appearance at the Théâtre Français was in June, 1838, when her salary was fixed at four thousand francs; this sum was increased from time to time, until she received forty-five thousand francs for playing twice a week for six months. For extra performances she received five hundred francs each. She spent the remainder of the year in "starring," earning from two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand francs each season, which then, in Europe, was about equal to as many dollars now in the United States. Despite this enormous income, it never occurred to her that she should provide for the indigent members of her numerous family; she chose rather to make them pensioners of the theatre. Her brother and all her sisters evinced a desire to enter the dramatic profession; the consequence was, that the director of the theatre was compelled to engage them at very respectable salaries. Sarah, Rebecca, Raphael, and even the youngest sister, Dina, were all on the salary-list at the same time, and drew very handsome sums. This gave rise to many a *bon mot*, and the theatre came to be known as the asylum for the Félix family. The Parisians no longer said, "Let us

go to the Comédie Française;" but, "Let us go to the synagogue."

What even those of her own faith thought of Rachel's avarice was illustrated by a clever and forcible remark of Mademoiselle Judith, also a very talented actress of the Comédie Française, who, however, in every thing else was quite unlike Rachel. They were always on bad terms.

"You should try to get on more harmoniously with Mademoiselle Rachel," said the director one day to Judith. "You are wrong in always opposing her; she has a greater claim on your sympathy and friendship than any one else in the theatre. Are you not of the same religion?"

"Certainly we are," replied Mademoiselle Judith, "but, nevertheless, there is a wide difference between us."

"How so?"

"I am only a Jewess, while Rachel, besides being a Jewess, is—a Jew!"

But the theatre was not the only source from which Rachel sought to gratify her love of possession. She, like most young women of renown, had many suitors, and she had a happy faculty of intimating to them that she judged of the sincerity of their protestations by the value of their presents. If they sometimes evinced a disposition to practise greater economy than, in her opinion, became the ardor of their passion, she usually found some means to stimulate their generosity. The manner in which, on one occasion, she even deceived her good friend Count Walewski, a natural son of Napoleon I., and the confidant and minister of Napoleon III., is very well known.

Happening to pass through a side-room of the residence of her rich friend, Madame S—, she noticed a venerable guitar, black with dirt, standing in one corner.

"What is this piece of old trumpery doing here, *ma chère*? Give it to me; I have a special use for it," said Phædra.

"What use can you have for it? It's good for nothing."

"That does not matter—it will answer my purpose just as well."

"But what can you want of it?"

"Oh, that's my secret," replied Rachel.

"Very well, I will send it to you," and that evening one of the lady's servants carried it to Rachel's residence, Rue Joubert.

Two or three days later the old black instrument was noticed by Count Walewski in Phædra's boudoir, carefully protected by an elegant silk cover. His curiosity led him to examine the contents of the cover more closely.

"Where, in Heaven's name, did you get hold of this old thing?" he asked.

"That is the guitar," Rachel replied, putting on a sentimental mien, "with which I once went from *café* to *café*, and played and sang for sons. My parents fortunately preserved it."

"Is it possible?" cried the count, examining the old instrument with the deepest interest. "You must let me have the *souvenir* of your childhood, *mon amie*. It is an inestimable relic, and must not be allowed to fall into strange hands."

"For that very reason I have taken pos-

session of it," said Phædra. "I would not part with it for fifty thousand francs."

"But I will have it, cost what it may! What shall I give you for it?"

"Oh, you are foolish!"

"I will give you fifty thousand francs for it—come!"

"Did I not tell you just now that the guitar is not for sale?"

"I will tell you what—I will give you the diamond bracelet we were looking at at B—'s the other day in the bargain. You may send for it immediately. What say you?"

"Well, then," sighed Phædra, "if you are so determined, take it."

The count was overjoyed. He carried away his treasure in triumph, showing it, in his delight, to all his friends. But, unfortunately, a week had scarcely elapsed when Madame S— paid a visit at the count's residence. The relic was, of course, shown her, and her exclamation of surprise, on recognizing it, very naturally led to an exposure of the cheat.

REMINISCENCES OF BULWER-LYTTON.

THE jaunt by rail from London to Leeds, though one seldom taken by the foreign tourist, is interesting, and, in some places, very picturesque. There are more beautiful landscape shires in England than Cambridgeshire, Herts, Norfolk, and York; but there are none where historic old country-houses and noble cathedrals, towns rich in the relics of the past, and broad fens exhibiting characteristics of scenery peculiar to the lowlands of Eastern England, offer more or more varied attractions to the visitor. At Hatfield, just by the station, rises the quaint, red-brick, many-gabled Elizabethan mansion, which has for centuries been the proud possession of the Cecils, and which, in the reign of the maiden queen, was the scene of more than one romance in high life. A little distance farther on is espied Peterborough, "a town of ancient aspect," as Hawthorne styles it, with its magnificent Gothic cathedral, double-towered, and rich in pinnacles and statues, and its old Falcon Inn, which was, as now, a hostelry in the halcyon days of Elizabeth. The memories called up by the scenes along the route, indeed, are mainly Elizabethan or Cromwellian; for, in these parts, occurred the earlier struggles between the Royalists and the troops of the Parliament. Not long after leaving Peterborough you may descry, if you are seated on the left or west side of the railway-carriage, a towering, massive, many-turreted mansion of ancient date, a palace rather than a country-house, half embedded in the luxuriant clumps of oak and chestnut which intervene. It is, perhaps, a quarter of a mile from the railway; a way-station enables you to descend, and a walk through a cosily-umbrageous, rustic road brings you, in no long time, so near, that you may scan narrowly the venerable pile. Then its aspect strikes you with singular admiration. Its exquisitely-carved terraces, cupolas, and turrets; its broad face adorned with

numerous and half-obliterated heraldic symbols; the evident stamp of the sturdy and vigorous architecture of the Tudors; the lovely surroundings of thick copse, of broad, velvety lawn, of flower-parterres, Italian gardens, ample terraces, fountains; the wooded park, with the deer darting hither and thither amid the brush; the noble, antique portico, which leads to the stately hall within; all give the impression alike of venerable antiquity, of abundant wealth, and of fond and careful taste.

This is Knebworth, the home of Lord Lytton of Knebworth, whom the world will, however, longest remember as Bulwer, the author of "My Novel" and "Richelieu."

Bulwer was justly proud of Knebworth. A pile of such proportions, which has been the possession of his maternal ancestors for more than three centuries and a half, was a noble symbol of the aristocracy of his race; its architectural beauty attested that the Lyttons had artistic taste as well as purity of blood. It was from his mother that the great novelist, who was her youngest son, inherited Knebworth; and Elizabeth Lytton claimed descent from the first of the Plantagenet kings, from Anne Tudor and the king-maker Warwick, from the old princes of Wales, the Grosvenors, and the Stanleys of Hooton. Nor was Bulwer's descent from royalty confined to his maternal stock; the heralds, at least, trace the Bulwers back to the Scandinavian Vikings. A Bulwer fought at Hastings; a Lytton, under Cœur-de-Lion, at Ascalon. At Knebworth, its lord was wont to conduct his guest to a room in which Cromwell, Pym, and Vane, plotted the rebellion against Charles I., thence to a bedchamber hung with fading but priceless tapestries, where the august form of Elizabeth had reposed in the memorable Armada year.

It was at Knebworth, amid these baronial halls, surrounded by these beautiful gardens, lawns, and copses, that Bulwer spent his childhood. He was his mother's favorite, and she was his first tutor. He said himself, in a dedication to her, "You were my first guide, my earliest critic; do you remember the summer-days, which seemed to me so short, when you repeated to me those old ballads of Percy?" From the "summer-days" at luxurious Knebworth Bulwer passed to private schools, thence to the university, and thence out into the aristocratic world of fashion and of letters which he was speedily to set agog with "Pelham" and "The Disowned." At Cambridge he was noted as one of the foremost debaters in the "Union," where he measured the steel of his logic and the graces of an already exuberant rhetoric with Charles Villiers, Alexander Cockburn, John Sterling, and Winthrop Praed; and, with Byron's son-in-law, the present Earl of Lovelace, founded the "Old Book Club."

When Bulwer, his university education finished, appeared in the great world of upper London society, he was remarked as an accomplished scholar, a promising scion of an aristocratic family, and a young man of striking personal appearance and attractive manners. Already a poet—he had been stamped such by his chancellor's prize poem on "Sculpture"—he was welcomed in the drawing-rooms

of Grosvenor Square and Kensington not more for his budding talents than his forte in conversation, and his manly grace of bearing. He soon became a thorough "young man of fashion;" frequented clubs and ballrooms, had his love-affairs and affairs of honor, spent money freely, and participated in most of the aristocratic dissipations of the day. When exhausted by the exigencies of the "season," he would pack his portmanteau, shut up his chambers, and start for the Continent. There he would roam about on horseback, or in *coupé*, at once observant and self-indulgent; or, returning to Britain again, would take long pedestrian trips in the wilds of Scotland, joining now a band of gypsies and following their devious wanderings, then striking off and delving into the deepest Highland solitudes. Bulwer, though courted and *fêted* by society, smiled on by court beauties, popular with his boon companions, and having an abundance of means at his command, seems in early manhood to have been restless and unsatisfied. Returning suddenly, on one occasion, from the Continent, his club cronies were amazed to learn that he had sought and obtained an appointment as a cornet of dragoons. He remained in the army less than a year; but he told his friends that, when he entered it, he had done so "resolved never to give in as long as he had a leg to stand upon."

At twenty-two, Bulwer seems to have exhausted the experiences of a talented and rather wild young university graduate, who has had the *entrée* into and been the pet of London high society. He sought new sensations in a twofold courtship—that of a lady, and that of letters. "Falkland" had appeared, and been hailed with some applause, and not a little adverse criticism. The applause encouraged him, and the criticism aroused the pugnacity of the Lytton blood. He married Miss Rosina Wheeler, an Irish lady of good family, and went to work novel-writing in downright earnest. He took a lovely cottage in Oxfordshire, transported thither his bride and his books, and, at the close of the year, burst upon the world with "Pelham."

Bulwer is described as having been, at this period of his first brilliant triumph, rather taller than the middle height, with a graceful, slender figure, well-proportioned limbs, and a countenance stamped with distinctly aristocratic features and expression. His dark-brown, curly hair, his large and bright blue eye, his decided, though delicately-formed aquiline nose, his rather full and handsome mouth, his patrician, almost haughty pose and manner, as seen at that time, are dwelt on, with true feminine enthusiasm, by a lady who frequented the circles of which he was regarded one of the most shining ornaments. It was about this period that "Disraeli the younger," as the author of "Vivian Grey" in his early days loved to hear himself called, was making a similar sensation in London society. Disraeli was but three or four months younger than his literary and social rival, and was then a swarthy, jet-black-cured, large-nosed young man, less handsome, but rather more conversationally brilliant than Bulwer. These two soon became close friends, despite the fact that the one was a plebeian struggling to fame and fortune against the obstacles of He-

brew descent and narrow means, while the other was of noble blood and had ample wealth. Both were, as it was fashionable for young men of the *ton* to be about the time of the Reform Bill, "philosophical radicals." There was another handsome and brilliant young man, who was the friend of Bulwer and Disraeli, of the same political stripe—Lord Stanley, subsequently Earl of Derby. Nearly thirty years afterward the three were to sit together in a high Tory cabinet council; Lord Derby as premier, Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Bulwer as Secretary of State for the Colonies; and Bulwer was to receive a patent of nobility from the friend of his youth. These literary and social stars habituated *salons* which have become historic for the brilliancy of the coteries which gathered in them. Bulwer used often to form one of the circle at Lady Blessington's, where he became familiar with Count D'Orsay, Sir John Trelawny, and other beaux and wits of the day. Here Crabb Robinson saw him and Disraeli one evening in 1837; the old gossip was especially struck with Disraeli, with whom he had "an amusing chat;" and who, epigrammatic thus early, remarked of Landor's "Satire" that its principal defect was that "it had no satire in it." Bulwer knew Landor well, and on one occasion visited him in his beautiful retreat at Fiesole, near Florence, where "Boythorne," received him with a characteristically tremendous reception of praise and admiration.

The author of "Pelham" was never accused of distrust or humility. From the first he appears to have had the utmost confidence not only in the greatness but the versatility of his powers. He was a zealous traveller, a young man of fashion, a country gentleman fond of hunting and rustic sports, a politician; but his best-beloved pursuit was that of literary composition. It was not only the love of applause, the delight of hearing his fame trumpeted in his ears in drawing-room, club, and review; there seems to have been a genuine ardor in the cultivation of letters for its own sake. He expressed something like this in his poem of "The Desire for Fame," where he says:

"Better than fame is still the wish for fame."
Nor was he content with fame as a writer of fiction. "Pelham," with all its success, failed to satisfy him. He wished to exhaust every literary art. So he wrote poetry and dramas as well as novels. Failure did not dampen his genius in its poetic and dramatic efforts. He said at Edinburgh, long after his first essays, with an amused rather than bitter glance back at past discomfitures, "My first poetry was thought detestable, and my first play very nearly escaped being 'damned.'" This "first play" was "The Duchess de la Vallière," which was brought on the stage in London, and, although Macready took the leading rôle, did not survive a fortnight.

Bulwer had his town-residence first at the "Albany," a fashionable house in Piccadilly, and then in Charles Street, Berkeley Square; and it was at the latter house that he resumed dramatic composition, after an interval of history-writing and the production of "Ernest Maltravers." It is interesting, by-the-way, that the chambers in the Albany which he

had recently left had been occupied before him by Lord Byron, and then by Lord Althorp, afterward Earl Spencer.

One evening Macready was dining in Charles Street, and deploring the dearth of good plays. He was in despair for a sensation which would be town-talk; nothing lately had succeeded. Turning to Sir Edward, the great manager exclaimed, "Oh, for another play like the 'Honeymoon!'" Bulwer said nothing; but next morning set doughtily to work, and in ten days he called on Macready, and put the manuscript of "The Lady of Lyons" into his hands, saying that it was not a purchasable commodity, but a free gift. It was brought out, and satisfied Macready's most eager yearnings. On the first night of the representation, Bulwer, who was then in Parliament, happened to be down for a speech in the House on the ballot; and, at the same time that the sentimental eloquence of Claude Melnotte was thrilling the fashionable multitude at Drury Lane, his creator was holding the Commons spellbound with one of the richest examples of his always lofty and brilliant oratory. "The Lady of Lyons" was then anonymous; no one, except Macready knew that Bulwer wrote it. As the latter, having achieved a dazzling forensic triumph, was going out of the House, he met a literary colleague who had just come from the theatre, whom he asked about the new play. "Oh, it's very well—for that sort of thing." Bulwer went on to Drury Lane, which he reached just to see the final act, and witness the enthusiastic *furor* with which it was received. The curtain descended amid a perfect storm of applause, but cries for the author were not responded to. Bulwer was in Lady Blessington's box, placidly observing the scene with an assumed air of supercilious indifference.

"Hum!" said he, shrugging his shoulders, "it's very good; very good, indeed—for that sort of thing!"

"It's the first time," said Lady Blessington, as he hurried from the box to the House again, "I have ever seen him jealous!"

Shortly after, Lady Blessington laughed heartily to hear that the cynic of the box was the author of the play.

Speaking of Bulwer's oratory, he arrived at the front rank of parliamentary orators by a process almost as painful as that recorded of Demosthenes with his pebbles, or Charles James Fox with his determination to speak every night until he became a forensic adept. Bulwer was at first halting, confused, awkward; he always spoke with difficulty, and describes himself as having felt wretchedly at the moment he arose to address the House.

Hawthorne, in his "English Note-Book," tells a good anecdote *à propos* of this:

"Bulwer and a certain Dr. — were talking together about public speaking, and the doctor said he feared he should never be a good speaker, he felt so badly before he 'got on his legs.'"

"'Do you feel your heart beat,' said Bulwer, 'when you are going to speak?'"

"'Yes.'"

"'Does your voice frighten you?'"

"'Yes.'"

"'Do all your ideas forsake you?'"

"'Yes.'"

"Do you wish the floor to open and swallow you?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, you'll make an orator!"

Hawthorne goes on to relate that Caning, on one occasion, just before speaking in the House, asked a friend sitting next him to feel his pulse, which was throbbing intensely. "I know I shall make one of my best speeches," said the future premier, "because I'm in such an awful funk!"

There is no doubt that Bulwer felt the sensations he so vividly described to Dr. —, and that he became a great orator no one who ever heard him, or read one of his magnificent speeches, can doubt. Mr. Dallas, our minister to England under President Buchanan, speaks of him as, after Gladstone, the most eloquent man in the House of Commons; though Bright, Disraeli, and Cobden, were in the House at that time. Another theatrical anecdote of Bulwer is worth reproducing. Thirty years ago he became intimate with Dickens, and the friendship lasted till death separated them. No one who has ever read Bulwer's speech at the banquet given to Dickens, at Freemasons' Hall, previous to his second and last visit to the United States, will forget the splendor of his eloquence, or the generous testimony he gave to his brother novelist's genius and attractive personal qualities. On one occasion, Dickens was visiting Bulwer at Knebworth Hall with a company of literary and theatrical notabilities, and, the host having erected a stage and scenery in one of the spacious apartments, the party engaged in a merry series of private theatricals. The conversation happened, one evening, to turn upon the pecuniary necessities of Leigh Hunt, a veteran in letters and play-writing, and one of the sweetest and most genial of men. Dickens asked if something could not be done to relieve so deserving a person, and proposed that some theatricals should be got up for the purpose. Bulwer at once caught at the idea, and Forster and Jerrold heartily applauded it.

"If you will act yourselves," said the lord of Knebworth, "I will agree to write the play."

Arrangements were at once made; Bulwer produced at short notice a charming little comedy, entitled "Not so Bad as we Seem; or, Many Sides to a Character." The Duke of Devonshire had a temporary theatre constructed at Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, and an audience which included Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and many royal and noble folk, assembled to witness the play. Dickens took the part of Lord Wilmot, Mark Lemon that of Sir Geoffrey Thornsaid, and Forster that of Mr. Hardman. Bulwer's interest in the drama, like Dickens's, was enthusiastic, and continued to the end of his life. He was one of the most active members of the benevolent "Guild of Art and Literature," where he met on equal terms the leading *literati*, artists, and actors of the day; although a proud man, full of aristocratic feeling and *hauteur*, he never displayed an undue pride or condescension in his relations with his brethren in art, however little famous.

During the later years of Bulwer's life, he

was not much in the public eyes, but kept himself for the most part secluded among a circle of a few familiar friends. Domestic troubles—for he had long been separated from his wife, and their disagreements took a public course, for Lady Bulwer on one occasion appeared on the hustings with her husband's opponents—added to the painful affection of his eyes, by which he suffered for years before his death, seem to have cast a gloom over his life. After being made a peer, he seldom appeared in the House of Lords, and I believe never made an elaborate speech there, although on one occasion he intended to speak on the Irish Church, but gave way, much to the public disappointment, to Earl Grey. He resided in Grosvenor Square, had a marine-villa at Torquay, and was accustomed to spend most of his winters at Nice, for the benefit of his now delicate health. From July to December, he lived at Knebworth, whither his only son, the gifted "Owen Meredith," joined him, and where he enjoyed the luxurious life of a wealthy country gentleman, keeping up his literary labors to the last. It is less than a year since his last volume of poems was issued; and he was at work upon a new novel—inspired, perhaps, by Disraeli's venture in "Lothair"—when death overtook him. His friendship with Disraeli existed in all its youthful cordiality up to his death. Bulwer was a man of genial temperament, though this was impaired by the sufferings of later years, and toward strangers his demeanor was often haughty and abrupt. He disliked any intrusion upon his privacy, and resented it gruffly. But his affections were sturdy and faithful, and he had the power of attaching his friends to him in the most zealous devotion.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BANKS OF THE MUHR.

(Page 240.)

THE Muhr is a river in Austria, which rises near a village of the same name in the north slope of the Noric Alps, in the Duchy of Salzburg. It flows through Styria into Hungary, joining the Drave twenty-five miles east of Warasdin, after a course of two hundred and thirty miles. Its current is so rapid as to render navigation nearly impossible. Although little known to geographers, it is a favorite resort for artists, who find in its wooded shores and the old picturesque mills that line its banks, admirable material for their pencils.

PERSIAN LADIES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

(Page 256.)

ONE of the minor disadvantages of polygamy is that it deprives out-of-door life of one of its chief attractions, the presence of nicely-dressed charming women. Look at these Persian fair ones in the right-hand picture of our illustration. They may be as lovely as Aphrodite, but he must be a clever fellow who could find it out, and if a pair of them were posted in front of a church-yard on a

moonlight night, they would frighten any passing rustic out of his seven senses. At home, on the contrary, as represented in the left-hand view, the Persian dames appear sufficiently fascinating, and worthy of the pretty names which are sometimes bestowed on them, such as "The Lady of Courtesy," or "The Lady of Sweetness." In her "Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia," Lady Sheil gives a full description of the shah's mother, and of his principal wives. "The shah's mother was dressed with great magnificence. She wore a pair of trousers made of gold brocade. These Persian trousers are always very wide, each leg being wider than the skirt of a gown, so that they have the effect of an exceedingly ample petticoat, and, as crinolines are unknown, the *élégantes* wear ten and eleven pairs of trousers, one over the other. (They call a European lady's dress 'trousers with one leg.') The trousers of the shah's mother were edged with a border of pearls embroidered on braid. She had a thin blue *crêpe* chemisette, also trimmed with pearls, nearly meeting the top of the trousers, which are fastened with a running string. A small jacket of velvet was over the chemisette, reaching to the waist, and on the head a small shawl, studded with pearls and diamonds, and pinned under the chin. Her arms were covered with handsome bracelets, and her neck with costly necklaces. Her hair was in bands, and hung down in a multitude of small plaits. She wore no shoes, her feet being covered with fine Cashmere stockings. The palms of her hands and tips of her fingers were stained red with henna, her cheeks were well rouged, and her eyelids and eyebrows colored with antimony. . . . Out-of-doors," says Lady Sheil, "all classes enjoy abundance of liberty, more so, I think, than among us. The complete envelopment of the face and person disguises them effectually from the nearest relatives, and destroying, when convenient, all distinction of rank, gives unrestrained freedom. The bazaars are crowded with women in this most ungraceful disguise."

VOTES AND ELECTIONS.

EVERY question nowadays is settled by a majority or a two-thirds vote; so at least we fondly think. There are trifling exceptions in Russia, and perhaps in other countries, but they need not be noticed. It may be that, even where the rule apparently has its exceptions, the majority rules indirectly. The people submit to monarchical and despotic rule because it meets with their approval. The personal government of the Emperor Napoleon was not distasteful to the French people until the supposed demi-god was discovered to be a fallible man. In the freer countries, and in France since the deposition of the emperor, the majority of the people or their representatives are frequently called upon to settle questions by vote, and ultimately every detail of government is submitted to this test of the popular will. The people of England are steadily becoming more fully represented in the House of Commons, and the House is in turn insisting upon a

larger share of governmental control. In this country, far more than in any other, our rulers are required frequently to pass the ordeal of the people's judgment. The majority in a party caucus instructs the candidate for whom to vote for United States Senate; a majority of the members of the party in the Legislature chooses the candidate; a majority of the Legislature elects him; a majority of the Senate carries through important laws. If the senator, or any other representative of the people, acts contrary to the desires of a majority of his constituents, he has soon to submit his conduct to their judgment, and they replace him with another more to their liking.

Notwithstanding the practical universality of the rule that the vote decides every thing, there is an infinite variety of modes of voting, each of which is useful in its way, and few of which could be dispensed with. Perhaps not many of our free American citizens accustomed to vote every year, some of them almost every day of their lives, are aware how many different forms of voting are in practice.

Not many years ago there was party strife of a very virulent character between two sections of the Penobscot Indians, in Maine. That tribe was allowed to send a representative to the State Legislature, where he occupied a position similar to that of Territorial delegates in Congress, being allowed to speak but not to vote. The parties were called the Old and the New. On the day of election the candidates of either party repaired to the school-house on Oldtown Island, and took positions in opposite corners of the room. The free and independent voters then entered and cast down their hats, each at the feet of his favorite candidate. When the polls were closed the hats were counted, and he who had the greater number was elected. If the Indians had been white men, they would probably have had two hats, and would have "repeated," and there would have been numberless fights for these primitive ballots outside the polling-place. Being guileless children of the forest, they resorted to no such trickery, though many a bloody contest took place between the partisans of the candidates.

Civilization has improved vastly upon the simpler modes of voting, having to deal with all sorts of stratagems to defeat the popular will. The registry, or check-list, was devised to prevent double voting; the ballot to secure the voter against intimidation and bribery; the show of hands, the yeas and nays, the division of the House, to make certain doubtful votes; and these are but a few of a great many devices to accomplish other useful ends. Let us first glance at some of the modes of voting in representative bodies, most of which will doubtless be familiar to readers.

The simplest and quickest method is by the voice. "Those in favor of the motion will say ay; those opposed will say no. The ayes have it; it is a vote." This is a very familiar formula. A quick-eared presiding officer can tell almost infallibly whether the ayes or the noes "have it." In case of doubt there are a great many ways of making certain. First, by rising: the presiding officer

or monitors count the ayes and the noes and announce the result. Secondly, by tellers: one teller from each side being appointed, the members pass between them, both of them count the ayes and noes successively, and announce the result. Thirdly, by a division of the House: this is the method universally adopted in the English House of Commons. Four tellers are appointed, two from each side, and the members pass into two lobbies, being counted as they go, and their names are also taken down, which is not practicable where the vote is taken by tellers as in Congress. Fourthly, by the yeas and nays: the names of members are called in alphabetical or other order, and they answer yes or no; the clerk keeps the tally, and reports the result to the presiding officer, who communicates it to the House. To these methods there may be added a fifth, a European invention. Each member's desk is connected by two wires with an indicator, like an hotel annunciator, behind the presiding officer's chair. By touching one or the other he votes yes or no, and the result is seen at once and by all. The adoption of this practice would be a sad blow to the American device known as filibustering, by which so much valuable legislative time has been consumed.

There is one mode of voting which is capable of being employed in caucuses and political conventions, but is wholly inapplicable either in popular elections or in representative assemblies. This is called the "marking-list," and is probably more popular in New England, particularly in Massachusetts, than anywhere else. Suppose three delegates are to be chosen to a convention to nominate a Congressman. The caucus votes to open a marking-list. Nominations are made, and the names are written down upon a sheet of paper. Each voter then makes a mark opposite the names of the three persons whom he prefers, and a plurality of votes elects. The appearance of a marking-list, after voting, might be something as follows:

John Jones, /////
Henry Smith, /////
William Robinson, /////
Hezekiah Athrop, //
Dennis O'Brien, /////
Karl Kraps, //
Emile Bonjour, //

And Robinson, O'Brien, and Jones would be elected. If there are persons to watch and see that no voter puts down more marks than he ought, that he does not mark more than once, and that no unauthorized person marks at all, this is a very expeditious way of voting, and the counting is a matter of very little labor or time.

We have now to consider the methods of voting at popular elections. The ordinary American election needs no description. We all have the ticket-distributors, the ballot-boxes, and the other surroundings of an election, before our eyes. Unfortunately, too, we know how the privilege of the freeman is abused. Men, whose real names are not on the registry, vote under assumed names, which are on the list; they vote more than once at different precincts; the ballot, invented to give them an opportunity to conceal their

action, is recognizable rods away; men are brought to the polls and vote like so many cattle, as they are told to do. This picture is not the picture of all, perhaps not of many American elections, but it is correctly drawn for too many. This proves that our method gives slight protection to the voter, little chance for purity of elections, and almost no opportunity for really secret voting, if any person determines to vote on another's name, to cheat the voters by casting too many ballots, or to find out how his neighbor acts. Nor are we altogether certain that the declaration of the result will be invariably precisely in accordance with the facts.

The method of voting in England until quite recently was *visu voce* and public. The officers of election kept a registry-list, and the voter, having proved his right to the suffrage, announced in a loud voice the name of the person of his choice. This was an exceedingly simple plan. No voter could fail to understand it, and there was a complete check upon all frauds in counting. But there was a great deal of the machinery of election that was far from creditable. There was first the nomination-day, which seldom passes in any contested borough without a good lively British row. The supporters of the several candidates assembled, and in their presence the names of those who presented themselves for Parliament were formally proposed and seconded, after which the candidates addressed the crowd. But the crowd would never listen. The partisans of A shouted and groaned while B was speaking, and B's friends were quite as disorderly when it came A's turn to speak. Broken heads and limbs and black eyes were a natural consequence. But there were other evils of the old system. The most stringent laws against bribery had little effect. The agents of a candidate would pay for votes after they had been given, and they were at hand to hear the electors vote. A landlord could give out that he wished his tenants to support a certain candidate, and, through fear of him, they were obliged to do as he said. It was constantly urged that the introduction of the ballot would accomplish the desired overthrow of this combined system of bribery and intimidation. If the voter could be perfectly sure that his vote was secret, it would be nobody's interest to pay him money for that vote, because he, the buyer, could not be sure that there was a delivery of the article purchased and sold. The landlord, or employer, would also lose his power over his men, because it could never be ascertained whether they did or did not do as they were bidden. These arguments, reiterated until the people—that is to say, "the ruling classes"—of England were sick of them, at last prevailed, and the ballot act of 1872 was passed.

The ballot in England is, however, very different from that which goes by the same name among us. It is a machine of great complication and intricacy, and totally inapplicable to our system of government. Englishmen elect only members of Parliament and a few local officers. The administrative and judicial officers are all appointed. The plan which may possibly work well in general practice for the choice of a single member, or

of two or three members on one ticket, could not be employed in an election for the choice of various executive, legislative, and judicial officers for nation, State, county, and city, at the same time.

It is impossible to describe briefly the ballot system recently adopted in Great Britain, and only an outline sketch can be given. The public nomination is abolished, but the nomination-day is preserved, the ceremony taking place in the presence of only a few designated persons. If only as many candidates are nominated as are to be elected, they are at once declared elected, as formerly. If there are more candidates, there must be a ballot. The election officers procure the printing of the requisite number of ballots, which are bound in the same way as a merchant's check-book, that is to say, there is a coupon which may be detached, leaving a part of the leaf still in the book. Upon the ballots are printed the names of all the candidates, in alphabetical order. When the elector presents himself at the polls, he first satisfies the presiding officer that he is a legal voter. The latter then tears off a ballot, upon the back of which he puts an official stamp, after which he enters the registered number of the elector on the retained part of the ballot, or counterfoil, and makes a mark against the name of the voter on the registry. The voters and the ballots both being numbered, in case it becomes necessary to ascertain how any particular person has voted, as, for instance, if there is a contest on the ground of illegal voting, the identical ballot given by each person may be found and examined. The voter, having received his ballot, retires to a room provided for the purpose, where, unseen by any person, he makes a mark opposite the name of the person for whom he wishes to vote. He then folds the paper so as to conceal the printing and mark within, but to show the official stamp on the back, returns to the polling-room, and throws the ballot into the box. To use the words of Mr. Webster in quite another connection: "The deed is done. No eye has seen him; no ear has heard him. His secret is his own, and it is safe." He is obliged to keep it a secret, too. There is a serious penalty attached to the exhibition of a ballot after it is marked. The man may tell any one how he voted—and he may lie; but no one can know whether he has told the truth or a falsehood. When the ballots are counted, no one but the presiding officer can possibly know one paper from another, and it is crediting him with an extraordinary memory to suppose that he could keep in mind the two numbers that must be remembered in order to identify any ballot as that of a certain man. There is an infinite variety of detail in the regulations respecting the acts to be done, and there are quite as many prohibitions of things that must not be done, before, during, and after the polling, but into none of these can we enter. The law has had but two or three trials, and it is only telling the exact truth to say that the Conservatives do not find it nearly so bad as they expected it to be; the Liberals do not like it as well as they supposed they should; and the horde of agents, at whose occupation it was meant to

be a severe blow, are already finding ways to circumvent the nice contrivances of the act.

In Canada the time-honored English custom of open voting has been continued, and there seems to be no reason to expect a change. There is sometimes a little rioting, but not enough to give much of an argument to those who desire the introduction of the ballot. There is probably quite as much bribery in Canadian elections as in our own country; and, as both parties practise it—to trust in the mutual accusations—neither can arouse the people to much enthusiasm for the ballot. In Denmark, too, there is open voting, accompanied by public nomination; but the job is all done up at once. Immediately after the nomination, if a poll is demanded, the voting takes place, and the result is declared as soon as the votes are all in. In France the voting is by ballot, practically on the same plan as our own. Universal suffrage prevails, as is well known, and the very freedom of the franchise, joined to the tenacity with which Frenchmen cling to their opinions for the time being, render the English machinery for securing secrecy wholly useless. The modifications of the ballot and of open voting in other countries do not call for any special notice. In some of the Southern States *viva-voce* elections were held before the war, but we believe the new constitutions have in every case compelled the use of the ballot. On the other hand, the United States law regulating the election of senators requires that the Legislatures shall choose them *viva voce*, and this is the most considerable exception to the almost universal use of the ballot in the United States.

There are some interesting and curious facts regarding other branches of this subject, which can be referred to but briefly. In some of the States of the Union, a majority of all the votes is required to elect; in others, a plurality controls. In some instances the requirement of a majority has been attended with great inconvenience, as in the following case: The State senators in Maine must have a majority in their respective districts. Vacancies are filled, not by the constituents, but by the Legislature in joint convention. About twenty years ago a third party threw things into such confusion one year that only about a third of a full Senate was elected. When the Legislature met, what was to be done? The fragment of a Senate could not, or thought it could not, legally organize; hence it could not go into joint convention, and the wheels of government came to a dead stop. After two or three weeks of wasting the public money (at two dollars a day), the Supreme Court decided that the few senators elected might organize, and then every thing went on smoothly. In France, in elections to the Assembly, as under the empire in elections to the Corps Législatif, an absolute majority must be obtained. If no one gets such a majority, there is a second election, when a plurality elects.

We can only state, in the briefest possible way, the outlines of the schemes for securing a more equal representation. The simplest is the restriction of voters to a less number of candidates than are to be elected. Thus, if there are to be three common-councilmen

to be chosen in one ward, no voter is permitted to vote for more than two. In most cases the minority, however small, would get the third number. This is called the restricted vote. It is inelastic, and frequently unjust. The next plan is the cumulative vote, under which Illinois elects the members of the lower branch of the Legislature. If three members are to be chosen in one district, the voter may give three votes to one person, two to one and one to a second, one and a half each to two, or one each to three. This system has been in use in London, in the election of the school-board, where it has revealed many striking defects. It is too early yet to pronounce upon its working in Illinois. The third is the preferential system, which is best represented by the Hare scheme. The voter puts upon his ballot as many names as he pleases in the order of his choice. His vote counts but for one person. If it is necessary to elect the first person named, it counts for him. If that person is elected without it, or if he has not enough to elect him with it, the ballot counts for the second person, or the third, or the thirtieth, until some name is found on which the requisite number of electors are agreed. This is a very beautiful scheme, and is theoretically perfect; but it is doubtful whether any uneducated constituency could ever be made to understand it. The fourth plan is the free list, or *liste libre*, of Geneva. Each party nominates a full list of candidates, and the elected are apportioned between the several parties in the proportion of the number of votes each party throws. Thus, if New York were to elect thirty-five members of Congress on a general vote, the Democrats, the Liberal Republicans, the regular Republicans, and the Temperance men, would each nominate a full list. Suppose 800,000 votes to be cast: then every 22,857 votes would entitle a party to one member. Suppose the Democrats to give 360,000 votes for their ticket, the Liberal Republicans 30,000, the Republicans 370,000, and the Temperance party 40,000. Then the Democrats would be entitled to fifteen, the Republicans to sixteen, and the Liberals and Temperance party each to one. There are two remaining seats, and these would be given to the Democrats and Temperance men, who have the largest fractions after the original distribution. This system has the merits of being entirely fair, and exceedingly simple; and, if any plan of minority representation is to be adopted generally, this ought to have a trial. The only other suggested plan to be noticed is that of allowing every elected member to have as many votes in the representative body as there were persons who voted for him; but this is too fanciful and too cumbrous for practical use.

EDWARD STANWOOD.

VARIABLE STARS.

THE fixed stars, as their name implies, were regarded in the early ages of astronomy as symbols of immutability. But the progress of modern research reveals to the careful observer many members of the shining brotherhood whose condition is

marked by constant change, and who have received from this circumstance the name of Variable Stars. These changes embrace a wide range, varying from the brilliancy of a star of the first magnitude to complete invisibility. Some of the stars of this class manifest a sudden increase and decrease of brilliancy, plainly perceptible to the naked eye; in others the change is marked by a slow and regular diminution of light; while others wax and wane with many gradations of change during a single period. The period of variability—that is, the time elapsing from the maximum brightness to its return—also embraces a wide range, varying from a year, probably a long succession of years, to a few days.

The cause of this variation is one of the interesting problems now occupying the minds of the great investigators and deep thinkers, who devote their lives to the study of these sparkling mysteries. Spectrum analysis has thrown its light on the intricate question, and, by detecting the constituents and physical condition of these shining suns, has given strength to theories which wait for more decisive confirmation. Zöllner gives a simple explanation of these changes in brightness, supported by the patient observations of many years. He attributes the cause to the distribution of dark masses of scoræ, like our sun-spots, formed on the red-hot liquid body of the star in the process of cooling. These masses of scoræ, arranging themselves in a fixed order in consequence of the rotation of the star, produce on its surface an unequal distribution of red-hot luminous matter and an accumulation of non-luminous scoræ, whose result is manifest in the fitful gleams that mark the light of these weird stars.

Spectrum analysis, as we have said, confirms this theory. Secchi found that the spectrum of a solar spot bears a close resemblance to the spectrum given by several variable stars, and deduces the conclusion that spots on these stars, occurring at regular intervals, produce the variations. It is generally allowed that our sun is a variable star, presenting the same strange phenomena to other suns in space as those which have long been favorite subjects of study to terrestrial observers.

Another theory is, that the variation is partially caused by the revolution of a dark satellite around the luminous body which, at certain regular intervals, transits the primary and produces the changing light. We shall see that observation confirms this theory, and, in many instances probably, a union of both causes effects the result, as may be the case with the sun, where sun-spots and dark planets must produce complicated variations.

Among the most wonderful variable stars may be ranked Mira, or the Marvellous. It is found in the constellation Cetus, or the Whale, and is marked on the maps as Omicron Ceti. It was first noticed as a variable star by Fabricius in 1596. It takes eleven months to complete the cycle of variations. For fifteen days it retains its maximum brightness, that of a star of the second magnitude. Its light then decreases for three months, until it becomes invisible even to common telescopes, dwindling below the

eleventh magnitude. It remains in this condition for five months, then, reappearing, its light increases for three months, when the cycle is ended, and it resumes its maximum brightness, to pass again through the same complicated changes. Its period is $331\frac{1}{4}$ days. There are irregularities in this period, and these irregularities are subject to a periodicity that renders the phenomenon still more intricate. In 1799 the maximum brilliancy was equal to a star of the first magnitude, while other maxima have indicated stars of the fourth magnitude. Secchi made a careful examination of this star with the spectro-scope, and found the same series of dark bands and stripes that are always present in the spectrum of a solar spot.

Algol, or the Demon Star, is a variable quite as remarkable as Mira, with a striking contrast in the period of variation. It is situated in the constellation Perseus, and is the brightest star in the head of Medusa. It has been observed from the earliest ages, and received the name of the Demon Star from its weird transformations. Its period is 2 days, 20 hours, 48 minutes. During 2 days and 14 hours, Algol appears as a star of the second magnitude. The remaining $6\frac{3}{4}$ hours are occupied by the gradual decline of the star to the fourth magnitude, and then its gradual return to the second, which completes the cycle. These changes can be easily detected by the naked eye, and, as the star is situated between the well-known clusters of Cassiopeia and the Pleiades, its position is favorable for observation. The famous astronomer Lalande, who died at Paris in 1807, was accustomed, in his old age, to remain whole nights on the Pont Neuf watching its variations, and pointing them out to observers.

Recent investigators claim that the passage of a dark planet of huge dimensions can be traced around the star, and thus they account for its varying light. Algol is a sun like our sun, only immensely larger, and has a proportionally large planet revolving around it. For 2 days and 14 hours the star is of the second magnitude, its normal size. Then commences the transit of the satellite over its disk, occupying $6\frac{3}{4}$ hours. For $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours the light diminishes as the satellite advances on the star's disk, until reaching the minimum it appears as a star of the fourth magnitude. The light then increases for about $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours, until the planet no longer obscures our vision, and Algol shines again with its maximum brightness. It is found that the planet obscures $\frac{1}{4}$ of the disk, and occupies, in its transit, a tenth of the time required for a revolution. Calculations have been made based upon these data whose results introduce us to a system of marvellous dimensions. They give to Algol a diameter of 49,000,000 miles, to the planet a diameter of 41,000,000 miles, and make the distance between them 280,000,000 miles.

Interesting observations have been made on the density of Algol and the planet, making their united density only one-fifth of that of the sun. This vaporous condition of the elements may account for the gigantic size. We have one more point to notice in the history of this strange star. The attendant is slowly approaching it. Since 1784 there has

been a constant diminution of the period. This can be accounted for on the supposition that Algol possesses the larger share of the density, and that the satellite is only a ball of vapor, which, contracting as it cools, is drawn nearer to the primary. A wonderful study is thus presented to us: Algol, a sun more than fifty times the diameter of our sun, and giving out 2,500 times the light and heat, with an attendant planet, a mass of fiery vapor, covered with cloud and fog, which, in the progress of infinite time, is to cool down, condense, and develop by the same laws that have made the earth a habitation for the human race.

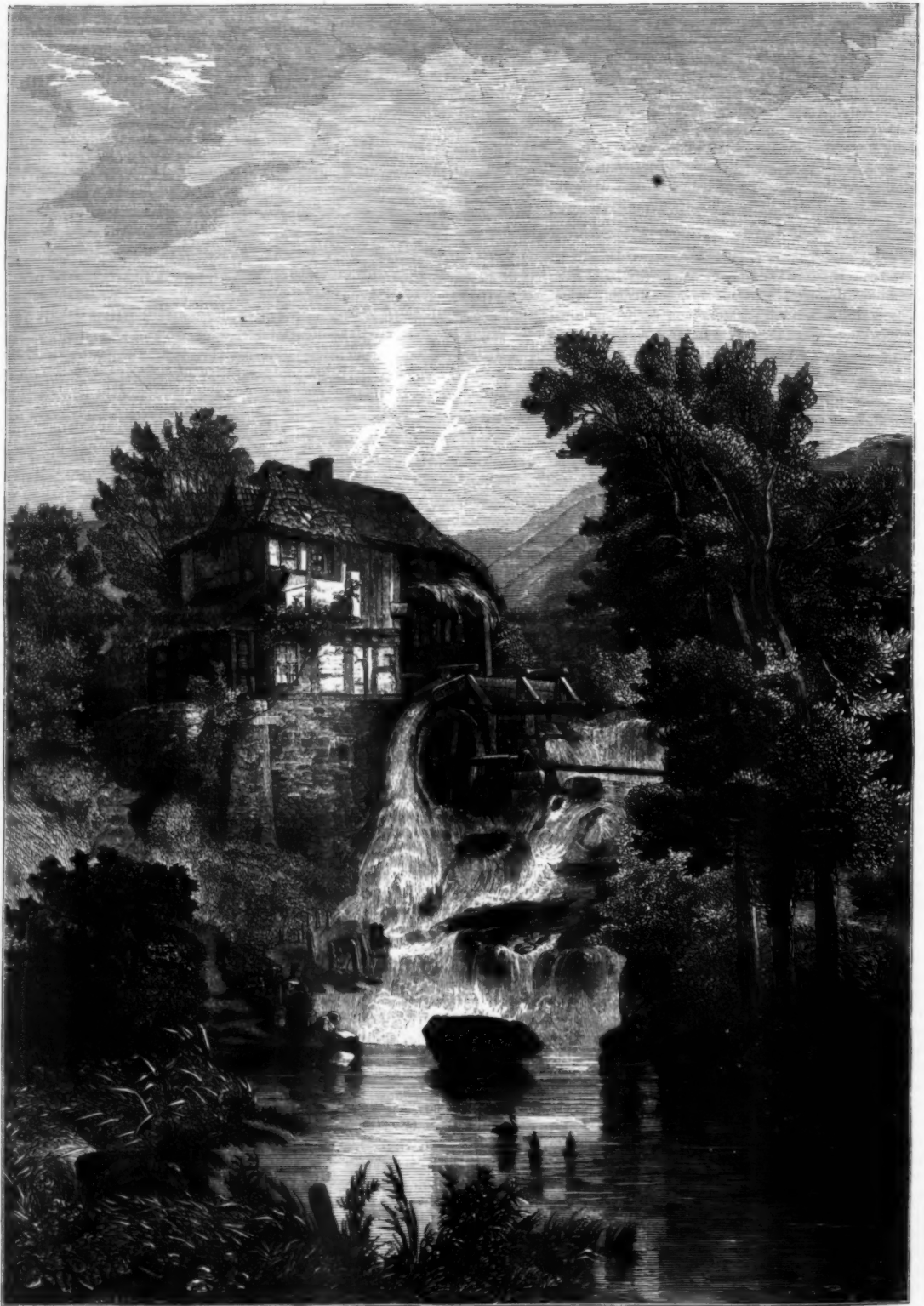
Betelgeux, in Orion, is a variable, with a period of nearly 200 days. This star has been carefully examined by spectrum analysis, and develops a spectrum closely resembling that of the sun. The Swan contains three variable stars. Chi, discovered in 1686, has a period of 405 days, and Sad'r varies from the third to the sixth magnitude in a period which is thought to embrace ten years or more. Among the variable stars of a short period, one in Cepheus is distinguished for the regularity of its changes in a period of 5 days, 8 hours, 40 seconds. There is also a number of variable stars whose periods have not been accurately determined, or they are thought to be so long that they cannot be computed with certainty. Some of the temporary stars are thought to be variables, with periods of many hundred years.

But the variable double stars are among the most curious belonging to the class. One of these is in the Virgin. The two stars composing it have changed in brightness, the most brilliant being now the fainter of the two. Cassiopeia also contains a variable double. Some stars are gradually increasing in brightness, like Alcor, in the Great Bear, which was once so small as to form a test for eyesight, but can now be seen in the presence of the moon. If this is a variable, its period must embrace many hundred years.

These are some of the facts and theories in regard to variable stars, which are no longer looked upon as demons or marvels, but as proofs of the action of physical laws, and as evidence of internal commotion in the seething globes of fire of which they are composed. They have for us a powerful personal interest, for they belong to the same class as our own sun; are marked with the dark spots so familiar to solar observers; and, like the sun, are the centres of planetary orbs whose dark passage over their disks is made manifest by varied gradations of light.

As nearly as we can judge, variable stars are our "next of kin" among the myriad shining points gleaming with friendly light from the infinite depths of stellar space. It may be that, while we are watching our distant neighbors, noting their changing lustre, and striving to elucidate the mystery, thousands of celestial telescopes are studying the complicated phases of our solar orb, which, to their distant vision, is only a tiny, variable star, sometimes shining in undimmed lustre, and sometimes waxing and waning in brilliancy from the spots which darken its surface, or the planets which cross its disk.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.



THE BANKS OF THE MUHR.

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BRESSANT.*

A NOVEL; BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER I.

HOW PROFESSOR VALEYON LOSES HIS HAND
KEECHIEF.

ONE warm afternoon in June—the warmest of the season, thus far—Professor Valeyon sat, smoking a black clay pipe, upon the broad balcony which extended all across the back of his house, and overlooked three acres of garden, enclosed by a solid stone-wall. All the doors in the house were open, and most of the windows, so that any one passing in the road might have looked up through the gabled porch and the passage-way, which divided the house, so to speak, into two parts, and seen the professor's brown-linen legs, and slippers down at the heel, projecting into view beyond the framework of the balcony-door. Indeed—for the professor was an elderly man, and in many respects a creature of habit—precisely this same phenomenon could have been observed on any fine afternoon during the summer, even to the exact amount of brown-linen leg visible.

Why the old gentleman's chair should always have been so placed as to allow a view of so much of his anatomy, and no more, may be a question of too subtle and abstruse conditions to be treated here. One reason, doubtless, lay in the fact that, by craning forward over his knees, he could see down the passage-way, through the porch, and across the grass-plot which intervened between the house and the fence, to the road, thus commanding all approaches from that direction, while his outlook on either side and in front remained as good as from any other position whatsoever. To be sure, the result would have been more easily accomplished, had the chair been moved two feet farther forward; but that would have made the professor too much of a public spectacle, and, although by no means backward in appearing, at the fitting time, before his fellow-men, he enjoyed and required a certain amount of privacy.

Moreover, it was not toward the road that Professor Valeyon's eyes were most often turned. They generally wandered southward over the ample garden, and across the long, winding valley to the range of rough-backed hills which abruptly invaded the farther horizon. It was a sufficiently varied and vigorous prospect, and one which years had endeared to the old gentleman, as if it were the features of a friend. Especially was he fond of looking at a certain open space, near the summit of a high, wooded hill, directly opposite. It was like an oasis among a desert of trees. Had it become overgrown, or had the surrounding timber been cut away, the professor would have taken it much to heart. A voluntary superstition of this kind is not uncommon

in elderly gentlemen of more than ordinary intellectual power. It is a sort of half-playful revenge they wreak upon themselves for being so wise. Probably Professor Valeyon would have been at a loss to explain why he valued this small green spot so much; but, in times of doubt or trouble, he seemed to find help and relief in gazing at it.

The entire range of hills was covered with a dense and tangled timber-growth, save where the wood-cutters had cleared out a steep, rectangular space, and dotted it with pale-yellow lumber-piles, that looked as if nothing less than a miracle kept them from rolling over and over, down to the bottom of the valley, or where the gray, irregular face of a precipice denied all foothold to the boldest roots. There was nothing smooth, swelling, or graceful, in the aspect of the range. They seemed—hills though they were—to be inspired with the souls of mountains, which were ever seeking to burst the narrow bounds that confined them. And, for his part, the professor liked them much better than if they had been mountains indeed. They gave an impression of greater energy and vitality, and were all the more comprehensible and lovable, because they were not sublime and vast.

In another way, his garden afforded as much pleasure to the professor as his hills. From having planned and in a great measure made it himself, he took in it a peculiar pride and interest. He knew just the position of every shrub, tree, and flower; and in what sort of condition they were, as regarded luxuriance and vigor. Sitting quietly in his chair, his fancy could wander in and out along the winding paths, mindful of each new opening vista or backward scene, of where the shadow fell, and where the sunshine slept hottest; could inhale the fragrance of the tea-rose bush, and pause beneath the branches of the elm-tree—the material man remaining all the while motionless, with closed eyelids, or now and then half opening them to verify by a glance some questionable recollection. This utilization by the mental faculties alone of knowledge acquired by physical experience always produces an agreeable subconsciousness of power—the ability to be at the same time active and indolent.

In about the centre of the garden flopped and tinkled a weak-minded little fountain. The shrubbery partly hid it from view of the balcony, but the small, irregular sound of its continuous fall was audible in the quiet of the summer afternoons. Weak-minded though it was, Professor Valeyon loved to listen to it. It suited him better than the full-toned rush and plash of a heavier water-power; there was about it a human uncertainty and imperfection, which brought it nearer to his heart. Moreover, weak and unambitious though it was, the fountain must have been possessed of considerable tenacity of purpose, to say the least; otherwise, doing so little, it would

not have been persistent enough to keep on doing it at all. It was really wonderful, on each recurring year, to behold this poor little water-spout doing neither more nor less than the year before, and with no signs of any further aspirations for the future.

A flight of five or six granite steps led up from the garden to the balcony, and, although they were quite as old as the rest of the house, they looked nearly as fresh and crude as on the day when they were first put down. The balcony itself was strongly built of wood, and fenced by a broad and stout railing, darkened by sun and rain, and worn smooth by much leaning and sitting. Overhead spread an ample roof, which kept away the blaze of the noonday sun, but did not deny the later and ruddier beams an entrance. On either side the door-way, the windows of the dining-room and of the professor's study opened down nearly to the floor. Every thing in the house seemed to have some reference to the balcony, and in summer it was certainly the most important part of all.

From the balcony to the front-door extended, as has already been said, a straight passage-way, into which the stairs descended, and on which opened the doors of three rooms. It was covered with a deeply-worn strip of oil-cloth, the pattern being quite undistinguishable in the middle, and at the entrances of the doors and foot of the stairs, but appearing with tolerable clearness, for a distance of several inches out, along the walls. A high wainscoting ran along the sides. At the front-door stood an old-fashioned hat-tree, with no hats upon it; for the professor had a way of wearing his hat into the house, and only taking it off when he was seated at his study-table.

The gabled porch was wide and roomy, but had seen its best days, and was rather out of repair. The board flooring creaked as you stepped upon it; and the seams of the roof admitted small rills of water when it rained hard, which, falling on the old, brown mat, hastened its decay not a little. A large, arched window opened on either side, so that one standing in the porch could be seen from the upper and lower front-windows of the house. The outer wood-work and roof of the porch were covered by a woodbine, trimmed, however, so as to leave the openings clear.

A few rickety steps, at the sides and between the cracks of which sprouted tall blades of grass, led down to the path which terminated in the gate. This path was distinguished by an incongruous pavement of white-limestone slabs, which were always kept carefully clean. The gate was a rattle-boned affair, hanging feebly between two grandfatherly old posts, which hypocritically tried to maintain an air of solidity, though perfectly aware that they were wellnigh rotted away at the base. The action of this gate was assisted—or, more correctly, encumbered—by

*Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by B. Appleton & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

the contrivance of a sliding ball and chain, creating a most dismal clatter and flap as often as it was opened: The whitewashed picket-fence, scaled and patched by the weather, kept the posts in excellent countenance, and enclosed a moderate grass-plot, adorned with a couple of rather barren black-cherry-trees, and as many firs, with low-spread branches.

Above the house and the road rose a rugged eminence, sparsely clothed with patches of grass, brambles, and huckleberry-bushes, the gray knots of rock pushing up here and there between. On the summit appeared against the sky the outskirts of a sturdy forest—paradise of nuts and squirrels. The rough road ran between rude stone-fences and straggling apple-trees to the village, lying some two miles to the southeast. About two hundred yards beyond the parsonage—so Professor Valeyon's house was called, he, in times past, having officiated as pastor of the village—it made a sharp turn to the left around a spur of the hill, bringing into view the tall, white steeple of the village meeting-house, relieved against the mountainous background beyond.

They dined in the parsonage at two o'clock. At about three the professor was wont to cross the entry to his study, take his pipe from its place on the high wooden mantel-piece, fill it from the brown-earthenware tobacco-box on the table, and, stepping through the window on to the balcony, take his place in his chair. Here he would sit sometimes till sundown, composed in body and mind; dreaming, perhaps, over the rough pathway of his earlier life, and facilitating the process by exhaling long wreaths of thinnest smoke-layers from his mouth, and ever and anon crossing and recrossing his legs.

On the present afternoon it was really very hot. Professor Valeyon, occupying his usual position, had neatly finished his second pipe. He had thrown off the light linen duster he usually wore, and sat with his waistcoat open, displaying a somewhat rumpled but very clean white shirt-bosom; and his sturdy old neck was swathed in the white necktie which was the only visible relic of his ministerial career. He had covered his bald head with a handkerchief, for the double purpose of keeping away the flies and creating a cooling current of air. One of his down-trodden slippers had dropped off, and lay sole upward on the floor. There was no symptom of a breeze in the still, warm valley, nor even on the jagged ridges of the opposing hills. The professor, with all his appliances for coolness and comfort, felt the need of one strongly.

Mellowed by the distance, the long shriek of the engine, on its way from New York, streamed upon his ears and set him thinking. A good many years since he had been to New York!—nine—positively nine—not since the year after his wife's death. It hardly seemed so long, looking back upon it. He wondered whether time had passed as silently and swiftly to his daughters as to him. At all events, they had grown in the interval from little girls into young ladies—Cornelia nineteen, and Sophie not more than a year younger. "Bless me!" murmured the professor, aloud,

taking the pipe from his mouth, and bringing his heavy, gray eyebrows together in a thoughtful frown.

He would scarcely have believed, in his younger days, that he could have remained anywhere so long, without even a thought of changing the scene. But then his society-days were over long ago, and he had seen all he ever intended to see of the world. Here he had his house, and his daily newspaper, and his books, and his garden, and the love and respect of his daughters and fellow-townpeople. Was not that enough? Was it not all he could desire? But here, insensibly, the professor's eyes rested upon the vacant spot at the summit of the hill opposite.

Very few people, be they never so old, or their circumstances never so good, would find it impossible to mention something which they believe they would be the happier for possessing. Perhaps Professor Valeyon was not one of the exceptions, and was haunted by the idea that, were some certain event to come to pass, life would be more pleasant and gracious to him than it was now. Doubtless, however, an ideal aspiration of some kind, even though it be never realized, is itself a kind of happiness, without which we might feel at a loss. If the professor's solitary wish had been fulfilled, and there had been no longer cause for him to say, "If I had but this I should be satisfied," might it not still happen that, in some unguarded, preoccupied moment, he should start and blush to find his lips senselessly forming themselves into the utterance of the old formula? Would it not be a sad humiliation to acknowledge that the treasure he had all his life craved did not so truly fill and occupy his heart as the mere act of yearning after it had done?

In indulging in these speculations, however, we are pretending to a deeper knowledge of Professor Valeyon's private affairs than is at present authorizable. After a while he withdrew his eyes from the hill-top, sighed, as those do whose thoughts have been profoundly absorbed, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. He began to debate within himself—for the mind, unless strictly watched, is apt to waver between light thoughts and grave—whether or no it was worth while to make a second journey into the study after more tobacco. Perhaps Cornelia was within call, and would thus afford a means of cutting the Gordian knot at once. No! he remembered now that she had walked over to the village for the afternoon mail, and would not be back for some time yet. And Sophie—poor child! she would not leave her room for two weeks to come, at least.

"I wonder whether they don't ever want to see any thing of the outside world?" said the old gentleman to himself, elevating his chin, and scratching his short, white beard. "Reasonable to suppose they could appreciate something better than the society hereabouts! A picnic once in a while—sleigh-ride in winter—sewing-bees—dance at—at Abbie's; and all in the company of a set of country bumpkins like Bill Reynolds, and awkward farmers' daughters!

"It won't do—must be attended to! The

good education I was at such pains to give them—it'll only make them miserable if they've to wear their lives out here. I'm getting old and selfish—that's the truth of the matter. I want to sit here and have my girls take care of me! Pahaw!

"Sophie, now—well, perhaps she don't need it so much; yet she's younger than her sister, and has a good deal more internal resource; besides, she's too delicate at present. But Nellie—Nellie ought to go at once—this very summer. She needs an enormous deal of action and excitement, bodily and mental both, to keep her in wholesome condition. Has that same restless, feverish devil in her that I used to have; never do to let it feed upon itself! Must get her absorbed in outside things!

"But what am I to do?" resumed the professor, sitting up in his chair, and shaking out his shirt-sleeves, for the heat of his meditations had brought on a perspiration. "What can I do—eh? Sophie not in condition to travel—can't leave her to take Cornelia—no one else to take her—and she can't go alone, that's certain! Humph!"

Professor Valeyon paused in his soliloquy, like a man who has turned into a closed court under the impression that it is a thoroughfare, and stared down, with upwinked forehead, at the sole of the kicked-off slipper, indulging the while in a mental calculation of how many days it would take for the hole near the toe to work down to the hole under the instep, and thus render problematical the possibility of keeping the shoe on at all. It might take three weeks, or say, at the utmost, a month—one month from the present time. It was at the present time about the 15th of June—the 14th or the 15th—say the 15th! Well, then, on the 15th of July the slipper would be worn out; in all human probability the weather would be even hotter then than it was now; and yet, in the face of that heat, he would be obliged to go over to the village, get Jonas Hastings to fit him with a new pair, and then go through the long agony of breaking them in! At the thought, great drops formed on the old gentleman's nose, and ran suddenly down into his white mustache.

But this digression of thought was but superficial, and the sense that something serious underlaid it remained always latent. The professor leaned back in his chair and sighed again, heavily. It was true he was growing old, and, now that he contemplated action, he felt that, in the last nine years, the inertia of age had gained upon him. Besides, he greatly loved his daughters; and, though it is easy to say that the greatest love is the greatest selfishness, yet do we find a weakness in our hearts which we cannot believe wholly wrong, strongly prompting us to yearn and cling even unwisely to those who have our best affection. "And what seems wise to-day may be proved folly to-morrow," is our argument; "so let us cling to the good we have."

And Professor Valeyon well knew that what time his daughters departed to visit the outer world was likely to be the beginning of a longer journey than to Boston or New York. They were attractive, and, it was to be supposed, liable to be attracted; he would not

be so weak as to imagine that their love for their father could long remain supreme. But this old man—who had kept abreast of the learning of the world, and was scarred with many a bruise and stab received during his life's journey; who had filled a pulpit, too, and preached Christian humility to his fellow-townpeople—had yet so much human heat and pride, glowing like embers in his old heart, as to feel strong within him a bitter jealousy and sense of injury toward whatever young upstarts should intrude themselves, and venture to brag of a love for his flesh and blood which might claim precedence over his own. Doubtless the feeling was unworthy of him, and he would, when the time came, play his part generously and well: but, so long as the matter was purely imaginary, we may allow him some natural ebullition of feeling.

So powerful, indeed, was the effect produced upon Professor Valeyon by the succession and conflict of gloomy and painful emotions, that he laid down his black clay pipe upon the broad arm of the easy-chair, and began to search in all directions for his handkerchief, indulging himself meanwhile with the base reflection that, as there was no present possibility of depriving himself of his daughters, that ceremony must, for a time, at least, be postponed. While yet the handkerchief-hunt was in full cry, the professor's ears caught the rattle and flap of the opening gate, and, following it, the quick, vigorous tap of small boot-heels upon the marble flagstones. Next came a light, rustling spring up the creaking porch-steps, and, ere the old gentleman could get his head far enough over his knees to see down the entry, a fresh-looking young woman appeared smiling in the doorway, dressed in a tawny summer suit, and holding up in one hand a long, slender envelop, sealed with a conspicuous monogram, and stamped with the New-York post-mark.

CHAPTER II.

SIGNS OF A THUNDER-SHOWER.

BEFORE the delivery of the letter, a very pretty little ceremony took place. The professor had stretched forth his hand to receive it, when, by a sudden turn of the wrist and arm, the young lady whisked it out of his reach and behind her back, and, in place of it, brought down her fresh, sweet face, with its fragrant mouth, to within two inches of his own wrinkled and bristly visage. A moment after, the ceremony was completed, the letter delivered, and the postman, stepping over her father's fallen slipper, leaned against the balcony-railing, and waited for further developments.

The professor took his spectacles from his waistcoat-pocket, placed them carefully upon his strongly-marked nose, and scrutinized in turn the direction, post-mark, and seal. With a sniff of surprise he then tore open the envelop, and became immediately absorbed in the contents of the enclosure; indicating his progress by much pursing and biting of his lips, wrinkling of his forehead, and drawing together of his heavy eyebrows. Having at

length reached the end of the last page, he turned it sharply about, and went through it once more with half-articulate grunts of comment; and finally, folding the letter carefully up and replacing it in the torn envelop, he caught the spectacles off his nose, and, with them in one hand and the paper in the other, he fixed his eyes upon the vacant spot at the summit of the hill.

His daughter, meanwhile, had taken off her brown straw hat, and was using it as a fan, keeping up a light tattoo with one foot upon the plank flooring. Her face was glowing with her four-mile walk in the hot sun, but she showed no signs of weariness. The position in which she stood was easy and graceful, but there was nothing statuesque or imposing about it; it was evident that at the very next instant she might shift into another equally as happy. Her eyes wandered from one object to another with the absence of concentration of one whose mind is not fixed upon any thing in particular. From the letter between the professor's finger and thumb, they travelled upward to his thoughtful countenance; thence took a leap to the decrepit water-spout which depended weakly from the corner of the balcony-roof, and thence again ascended to a great, solid white cloud, with turreted outline clear against the blue, which was slowly sliding across the sky from the westward, and threatened soon to cut off the afternoon sunshine.

At this point the professor restlessly altered the position of his legs, thereby drawing his daughter's attention to himself once more. Thinking she had waited as long as was requisite for the maintenance of her dignity as a non-inquisitive person, she transferred herself lightly to the arm of her father's chair, grasped his beard in her plump, slender hand, and turned his face up toward hers.

"Well, papa, aren't you going to tell what the news is? Is it nice?"

"Very nice!" said papa, taking her irreverent hand into his own, and keeping it there. "At least, you will think so," he added, looking half playful and half wistful.

Cornelia brought her lips into a pout, all ready to say "What?" but did not say it, and gazed at her father with round, interrogating eyes.

"You'd be very glad to go away and leave me, of course," continued the professor, assuming an air of studied unconcern.

"Papa!" exclaimed the young lady, with an emphatic intonation of affection, indignation, and bewilderment.

"What! not be glad to go to New York, and to all the fashionable watering-places, and be introduced to all the best society?" queried the old gentleman, in fallacious astonishment.

"Papa!" again exclaimed the young lady, but this time in a tone which the tumult of delight, anticipation, and a fear lest there would be a mistake somewhere, softened almost into a whisper. She had risen from the arm of the chair to her feet, and stood with her hands clasped together beneath her chin.

The professor laughed a short and rather unnatural laugh. "I thought you wouldn't be obstinate about it, when you came to think it over," said he, dryly. He folded up his

spectacles, and put them back in his waistcoat-pocket, with unusual elaboration of manner. "So, you would really like to have a change, would you? Well, I trust you won't be disappointed in your expectations of society and the watering-places. At all events, you may learn to appreciate home more!" Here the professor laughed again, as if he considered it a joke.

Cornelia was too much entranced by the new idea to have any notion of what he was talking about; she was already hundreds of miles away, living in stately houses, driving in magnificent carriages, sweeping in gorgeous silks and laces through gilded and illuminated ballrooms, and listening to courtly compliments from handsome and immaculate gentlemen. But when, presently, her scattered faculties began to return to a more normal state, an unquenchable curiosity to know how the miracle was to be worked seized upon her. She dropped on her knees beside her father's chair, took his hand in both of hers, and looked up in his face.

"But how is it to be, papa dear? I mean, whom am I to go with? and when am I to go? Dear me, I haven't a thing to wear! Shall I have time to get any thing ready? Isn't Sophie invited, too? How strange it all seems! I can hardly realize it, somehow. From whom is the letter?"

"Can you remember when you were about nine years old?" inquired the professor.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Cornelia, in some surprise at the irrelevancy of the question. "Nothing particular. Oh, I know! we were in New York!" said she, beginning to see some connection, and breaking into a smile.

"Do you remember seeing a lady there," continued the professor, talking and looking straight at nothing, "who made a great deal of you and Sophie, and asked you to call her Aunt Margaret?"

"Oh, I believe I do," said Cornelia, slowly. "I think I didn't like her much, because she was deaf, or something, and talked in such a high voice. She wasn't really our aunt, was she? Did she write the letter?"

"Yes, she did, my dear, and has invited you and Sophie to spend the summer with her. You don't dislike her so much as to refuse, I suppose, do you?"

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed his daughter, deprecatingly, for the old gentleman had spoken rather in a tone of reproof; "I'm sure she's as kind and good as she can be; I was only telling what I especially remembered about her, you know. How did she come to think of us, after so long?"

"I used to know her quite well, long before you were born, my dear," replied the professor, tapping with his fingers on the arm of the chair; "and at that time I should not have been surprised at her offering me any kindness. I am surprised now," he added, with a good deal of feeling; "she's a better friend than I thought."

Cornelia remained silent for several moments, because, not in the least comprehending what sort of ground her papa was walking on, she feared that the questions and remarks she was anxious to advance might jar with his mood. At length, a sufficient

time having elapsed to warrant, in her opinion, the introduction of intelligent topics, she looked up and spoke again:

"How soon, papa; how soon did you say am I to go?"

"First of July, Aunt Margaret says. Will that give you time enough to make yourself fine?"

"Now, papa! you're making fun of me," exclaimed the young lady, delighted that he should be in the humor to do so, yet speaking in that semi-reproachful tone which ladies adopt when the other sex makes their costume the object of remark. "I can make myself as fine as I can be by that time, of course! But how is it about Sophie? Won't she be able to go, too?"

Papa shook his head, and combed his bristly-white beard with his fingers. "Sophie has been very ill," said he; "it wouldn't be safe to have her go anywhere this summer. We can't take too much care of her. Typhoid-pneumonia is a dangerous thing, and, though she's on the way to recovery now, she might easily relapse. And then," added the old gentleman, in a more inward tone, "she would recover no more."

Although he mumbled this sentence to himself, Cornelia caught his meaning, more, probably, from his manner than from any thing she heard; and, being of an emotional and warmly-tender disposition, she began to cry. She loved her sister very much, and something must also be allowed to the fact that, having a great happiness in prospect for herself, she could afford to expend more sympathy upon those less fortunate. As for the professor, he, for a second time that afternoon, gave evidence of possessing disgracefully little control over himself. He began another fruitless search after his handkerchief, and finally asked Cornelia, with some heat, whether she knew what had become of it?

"Why, it's on your head, papa!" warbled she, brightly exchanging a laugh for her tears; and papa, putting up his hand in great confusion, and finding that it was indeed so, laughed also, and this time in a perfectly natural manner, but he blew his nose very resoundingly, for all that.

The atmosphere being serene once more, the joy of the future became again strong in Cornelia's heart, and, coupled with it, an earnest longing to disburden herself to some one, and who but her sister should be her confidante? So she rose from her knees, and picked up her brown straw hat, which, in the excitement, had fallen to the floor.

"Is there any thing you want me to do, papa dear?" asked she, laying her forefinger caressingly upon his bald head; "because, if there isn't, I should like—I think I'd better go to Sophie."

Professor Valeyon nodded his head, being, in truth, desirous of taking solitary counsel with himself. The letter contained a good deal more than the invitation he had communicated to Cornelia, and he could not feel at ease until he had more thoroughly analyzed and digested it. So, when his daughter had vanished through the door with a smile and a kiss of the hand, he mounted his spectacles again, and spread the letter open on his knee.

After reading a while in silence, he spoke, though his voice was audible only to his own mental ears:

"There was a time," said he, "when I wouldn't have believed I could ever hear the news of that man's death, and take it so quietly! And now he sends me his son!—as it were, bequeaths him to me. Can it be as a hostage for forgiveness, though so late? or, is it merely because he knew I could not but feel a vital interest in the boy, and would instruct and treat him almost as my own? He was a shrewd judge of human nature! and yet I must not judge him harshly now."

Here Professor Valeyon happened again to catch sight of his slipper, and interrupted his soliloquy to extend his stockinged toe, fork it toward himself, and, having with some trouble got it right-side uppermost, to put it on. And then he referred once more to the letter:

"I would like to know whether he was aware that Abbie was here, or that she was alive at all? Margaret says nothing about it in her letter. If he did, of course he must have written to her; but, if he was determined to die as, for these last twenty years and more, he has lived, he would never, knowingly, have sent the boy where she was, on any consideration. Well, well! I can easily find out how that is, from either Abbie or the boy. By-the-way, I wonder whether this *incognito* of his may have any thing to do with it? Hum! Margaret says it's only so that he may not be interrupted in his studies by acquaintances. Well, that's likely enough—that's likely enough!"

"By-the-way, where's the young fellow to stay? At Abbie's, of course, if—Margaret says, at some good boarding-house. Well, Abbie's is the only one in town. It's a singular coincidence, certainly, if it is a coincidence. Perhaps I'd better go down at once and see Abbie, and have the whole matter cleared up. I shall have time enough before supper, if I harness Dolly now."

As Professor Valeyon arrived at this conclusion, he uplifted himself, with some slight signs of the rustiness of age, from his chair, took his brown-linen duster from the balcony-railing across which it had been thrown, and put it on with laborious puffings and a slight increase of perspiration. Then, turning round, to make sure that he had all his belongings with him, he entered the hall-door, and passed through into his study.

The rooms in which we live seem to imbibe something of our characteristics, and the examination of a dwelling-place may not unfrequently throw some light upon the inner nature of its occupant. The professor's study was of but moderate size, carpeted with a red-and-white check straw matting, considerably frayed and defaced in the region of the table, and faded where the light from the windows fell upon it. The four walls were hidden, to a height of about seven feet from the floor, with rows upon rows of books, of all sizes and varieties of binding, no small proportion being novels, and even those not invariably of a classical standard. The only picture was a stained engraving of the "Transfiguration," over the mantel-piece, in a faded and fly-spotted gilt frame. In the centre of the room, occupying, indeed, a pretty large

share of all the available space, stood an ample study-table, covered with green baize, darkened for a considerable space around the inkstand by innumerable splatterings of ink. It supported a confused medley of natural and unnatural accompaniments to reading and writing—a ponderous ebony inkstand, with solid cut-glass receptacles, one being intended for powder, though none was ever put in it; a mighty dictionary, which, being too heavy to be considered movable, occupied one corner of the table by itself; the earthen tobacco-jar, with a small piece chipped from the cover; pamphlets and books, standing, or lying upon one another; heaps of rusty steel and blunted quill pens; a quire or two of blue and white letter-paper; a paper-knife, loose in the handle, but smooth of edge; a box of lucifer-matches, and several burnt ends; an extra pipe or two; the professor's straw-hat; a brass rack for holding letters and cards; and a great deal of pink blotting-paper, scattered about everywhere.

Opposite the table stood a chair, straight-backed and severe, in which Professor Valeyon always sat when at work. He had a theory that it was not well to be too much at bodily ease while intellectually occupied. Directly behind the chair, upon the shelf of a book-case, stood a plaster cast of Shakespeare's face, the nose of which was most unaccountably darkened and polished. It is doubtful whether even the professor himself could have cleared up the mystery of this deepened color in the immortal bard's nose. But whoever, during those hours set apart by the old gentleman for solitary labor and meditation, had happened to peep in at the window would, ten to one, have beheld him tilted thoughtfully back in his chair, abstractedly twinking with the forefinger and thumb of his right hand the sacred feature in question. He had done it every day for many years past, and never once found himself out; and, doubtless, the great poet was by far too broad-minded ever to think of resenting the liberty, especially as it was only in his most thoughtful moments that the professor presumed to meddle with him.

The room contained little else in the way of furniture, except a few extra chairs, and a malacca-joint cane, with an ivory head, which stood in a corner near the door. It produced an impression at once of cleanliness and disorder, therein bearing a strong analogy to the professor's own person and habits; and the disorder was of such a kind that, although no recognizable rule or system in the arrangement of any thing was perceptible, Professor Valeyon would have been at once and almost instinctively aware of any alteration that might have been made, however slight.

On entering the study, the old gentleman first shuffled up to the fireplace, flapping the heels of his slippers behind him as he went, and deposited his pipe upon the mantel-piece. Next he put on his straw-hat; and, turning to the engraving of the "Transfiguration," which had served him as a looking-glass almost ever since it had hung there, he put himself to rights with his usual fierce scowlings, liftings of the chin, and jerkings at collar and stock. When every thing seemed in proper trim, he took his ivory-headed cane

from its place in the corner, and made his way along the entry to the front-door.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the professor, as he emerged upon the porch, shading his eyes from the white dazzle of the road, "how hot it is, sure enough!"

Scarcely had he spoken, however, when the sun, who had been coquetting for the last half-hour with the majestic white cloud that Cornelia had idly watched from the balcony, suddenly plunged his burning face right into its cool, soft bosom, and immediately a clear-gray shadow gently took possession of the landscape.

"Humph!" grunted the professor again, turning a sharp, wise eye to the westward, "we shall have a thunder-shower before long. I must take the covered wagon. But how's this? I declare, I've forgotten to change my slippers! I'm growing old—I'm growing old—that's certain."

As the old gentleman stood shaking his head over this new symptom of approaching imbecility, he happened to turn his eyes in the direction of the village, and descried a figure approaching rapidly from the turn in the road, which at once arrested his attention.

"Who can that be?" muttered he to himself, frowning to assist his vision. "None of the town boys, that's certain. Never saw such a figure and stride as that but once before. If any thing, this is the better man of the two. By-the-way, what if it should be? Humph! I believe it is, sure enough."

By this time, the stranger, a tall and broadly-built young man, with a close, brown beard, and quick, comprehensive eyes, had arrived opposite the house, and stood with one hand on the gate.

"Is this the Parsonage?" demanded he, speaking with great rapidity of utterance, and turning his head half sideways as he spoke, without, however, removing his eyes from the professor's face.

The old gentleman nodded his head.

"It is known by that name, sir," said he.

With the almost impatient quickness which marked every thing he did—a quickness which did not seem in any way allied to slovenliness or inaccuracy, however—the young man pushed through the gate, which protested loudly against such rough usage, and walked hastily up to the porch-steps. He paused a moment ere ascending.

"Are you Professor Valeyon?" he asked.

Again the professor bowed his head in assent.

"And are you—?" began he.

The young man sprung up the steps, and, grasping the other's half-extended hand, gave it a brief, hard shake.

"I'm Bressant," said he.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CITY SAVAGE.

MRS. PODGIT was a woman who had ideas of her own, as became a cheery, determined little body, with a large visiting-list among the poor, and the presidency of the Committee on Comfortables, and Mrs. Podgit defended her views warmly.

"It is very fine talking," said Mrs. Podgit, "to assert that we each of us have received the love of our Lord Jesus only to radiate it again among the ignorant and the miserable. It sounds beautifully to declare that the poor, isolated by their deep misery and their training from all comprehension of us and our motives, resent our catechisms and reward-of-merit system, and that the only electric spark that can reach them, and establish communication between them and us is the love of our kind, for Jesus' sake, without regard to the ingratitude and viciousness of the poor. But it works badly, and I, for one," continued Mrs. Podgit, warmly, "set myself against charity shown to the vicious poor, and against the notion that these masses of crime and filth are akin in heart and character to us, and are not stamped from their birth with the brand of innate depravity; and, if my view is less sentimental, it is at least practical."

And now I find a difficulty in proceeding, that recalls an essay on buttons that button nothing, and bows that tie nothing, for this is a speech that connects nothing, and indeed is not to be regarded as a speech at all, but rather as a lantern, to shed some light on what is likely to prove a foggy account, since it deals with Mrs. Podgit not in life but after her decease—as a ghost, in short. Therefore, keep it in mind as we follow Mrs. Podgit, or rather her shade, floating a little above a small figure, crying and shivering, whom she regarded with melancholy interest.

The small figure was that of her son Jack, aged four years. Two years before, that is, about a week after her death, he had been mysteriously lost, and was supposed to have been drowned. Mrs. Podgit (her ghost, you understand) knew better, and how he was stolen, and by what frightful old hag, and in what precinct he was hidden. But then it had been simply appointed her to follow him, without power to interfere or to alter his fate. Therefore, in the course of time, the Podgit family abandoned the last hope of recovering the child. Also, the woman who had stolen him as a speculation, died suddenly. No one about him knew anything of his history. Every one about him was busy in that great battle with hunger that is always going on in such quarters, and the most of them were getting so much the worst of it that they lacked the ability, granting the inclination, to care for the friendless little waif; and Jack Podgit was sent adrift on the pitiless ocean of life, without name, without the right to remember any man, woman, or place of shelter as his, without the interest of anybody except that of his mother's ghost.

His first remembrance and strongly-marked consciousness of himself, was in the evening already mentioned, when he sat on the curbstone, crying. A beggar-boy had knocked him down and made off with a scrap of meat that somebody had given him. He was cold, hungry, frightened, and angry.

This was the beginning of a long series of similar remembrances. Hunger urged him, cold nipped him, superior force assaulted him, fraud cheated him. Without home, name, memory, training, or belief, this child of the president of the Committee on Com-

fortables, in the nineteenth century, in the city of New York, exactly fulfilled all the conditions of a savage, only that the city savage is invariably at such an enormous disadvantage. His more favored brother of the forest or jungle, can fish for his food, hunt for his clothes, and build himself huts of mud, sticks, or stones; but the city savage is met everywhere by civilization in police-uniform. Fish, venison, and hides, are all—for sale. The very mud and stones are preempted; and a powerful organization, called society, defends its goods by a system against which the savage conducts an irregular guerilla warfare, but which he must strive in vain to overcome. When Jack should have been still a baby, he had already discovered that respectability and he were at war. He was a little animal that, from the necessity of its nature, would want bread and clothes. Bread and clothes were to be had on all sides for money or trade. Jack had plainly no money, and, as trade was impossible for him, he would be likely to try war. Society took reasonable precautions against him, and Jack justified them all. By no fault of his own he found himself without money, and with a natural ability to starve in a world where every thing eatable was to be had for money only. He took counsel of his savage instincts, and, if he had been strong enough, he would have throttled all respectability then and there, and entered into possession. As that was impossible, he lay in ambush for its goods, studied up its weak points, and profited by them, and stole, first, edibles, and then pocket-books, with no small success. Why not? What should withhold him? Whether there was any thing in civilization beyond square meals and good clothes, I doubt if it ever occurred to him. Possibly he might have vaguely wondered now and then, curled up near a coil of steam-pipes for the night, what lives the people led in the houses from which they shut him out, or whether school-houses and churches signified any thing. More likely, however, just as civilized people insisted on viewing him from their own stand-point, as a preternaturally wrong-headed monster of vice, who preferred cold, paving-stone beds, dirty scraps, mud-colored rags, filthy alleys, prison and prison-fare, to honest work, a decent life, and the national chance for the presidency pinned on every American boy's clothes, just so Jack regarded the respectables as "jolly green," and below contempt on every account except the one with their banks. About what he thought, however, there can be no certainty; while about what he did there could be unfortunately no doubt.

Men are either hammers or anvils. They accept life without inquiry, or strain every sinew to mould it into shape. Jack was a hammer. Reared in his proper Podgit sphere, commerce or politics would have learned to know him. Or, a few centuries ago, conducted with the same energy and intelligence, Jack's warfare on property would have brought him on a level with the first Douglas or Guelph, or any other freebooter or marauding spearman of ancient fame, and put the Podgit family on a Douglas or Buccleuch level. But, coming so many hundred years too late, there was nothing left him to pit

himself against but the interests of society, and the interests of society proved too much for him. Society threw him again and again, sent him to the Island, and to one prison after another. Words of love and mercy did sometimes meet him, but they were out of all keeping with any thing in his life, and there was nothing in his earlier memories by which he could translate them. Chattering in some unknown tongue would have affected him about as sensibly. If he believed the journals of civilization, he must believe that the members of the powerful organization that sent him to prison for thefts kept themselves out of it only by thieving on a grander scale. His untutored intellect failed to find the truth hidden behind these false appearances, and, while he felt and cursed the mighty law against which he dashed himself in vain, he never comprehended how it is that one cannot get figs of thistles.

Through it all, down lower and lower, deeper and deeper, steeped in crime till he grew into its perfect semblance, every trace of youth and innocence gone, worn by excesses, trembling and shaken, hateful in filthy rags, brutish ignorance, and whining cant, a daily beggar on a certain street, through it all followed him his mother's shade, till, looking down on him, full of woe and pity, she found voice:

"This man's doleful tales are lies; yet he shivers with real cold, faints with real hunger, endures extreme misery; and I grudged an alms to creatures like him, because they had failed in that honesty, temperance, and diligence, we find it so hard to maintain, although urged by every inducement. He is my son; he was born with no class-brand of depravity stamped on his nature, and to-day he expiates not more his own sins than those of circumstance: and yet he is crime itself. Blessed be that heavenly charity that dropeth like the gentle dew—!"

Mrs Podgit was awake, and embracing little Jack with many tears and kisses. Jack Podgit, as a city savage, was a dream; the result of a moral indigestion, doubtless, experienced by Mrs. Podgit's better nature, when reflecting on her practical speech before the Committee on Comfortables.

LOUISE E. FURNISS.

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

THE BLUE-STOCKINGS.

AND now, in the year 1757, the celebrated word "blue-stockings" first occurs in Mrs. Montagu's correspondence. Boswell, under the date 1781, tells us, in his "Life of Johnson," that, "about this time, it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue-Stocking Clubs*. One of the most eminent members of these societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and, in particular, it was observed that he wore *blue stockings*. Such was the excellence of his conver-

sation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*,' and thus by degrees the title was established." Boswell was greatly mistaken, for, in 1781, Benjamin Stillingfleet, the highly-accomplished gentleman, philosopher, and barrack-master of Kensington, had been dead ten years, and he had left off wearing blue stockings at least fourteen years before he died.

In 1750, Mrs. Montagu and some other ladies attempted to reform manners by having parties where cards could not be thought of, and where the mental power was freshest for conversation. In that year there was a charming French lady taking notes among us. Madame du Bocage, in her "Letters on England, Holland, and Italy," notices Mrs. Montagu; and from the notice may be learned that the last-named lady was already giving entertainments of a nature to benefit society. While, at the Duke of Richmond's, as many as eighteen card-tables were "set for playing" in the gallery of his house near Whitehall, with supper and wine to follow, for the consolation of the half-ruined, and congratulation of the lucky, gamblers, Mrs. Montagu gave breakfasts. Madame du Bocage thus speaks of them and of the hostess:

"In the morning, breakfasts, which enchant as much by the exquisite viands as by the richness of the plate on which they are served up, agreeably bring together the people of the country and strangers. We breakfasted in this manner to-day, April 8, 1750, at Lady Montagu's" (as Madame du Bocage mistakenly calls her), "in a closet lined with painted paper of *Pekin*, and furnished with the choicest movables of *China*. A long table, covered with the finest linen, presented to the view a thousand glittering cups, which contained coffee, chocolate, biscuits, cream, butter, toasts, and exquisite tea. You must understand that there is no good tea to be had anywhere but in London. The mistress of the house, who deserves to be served at the table of the gods, poured it out herself. This is the custom, and, in order to conform to it, the dress of the English ladies, which suits exactly to their stature, the white apron and the pretty straw-hat, become them with the greatest propriety, not only in their own apartments, but at noon, in St. James's Park, where they walk with the stately and majestic gait of nymphs."

Mrs. Montagu was not the only lady who gave those literary breakfasts. Lady Schaub (a foreign lady who would marry Sir Luke) received company at those pleasant repasts. When the breakfast gave way to the evening coterie for conversation (with organ, lemonades, tea, and biscuits) is not known. After these had lasted a few years, the word "Blue-Stocking" occurs for the first time in Mrs. Montagu's letters. Writing, in March, 1757, to Dr. Monsey, she says: "Our friend Mr. Stillingfleet is more attached to the lilies of the field than to the lilies of the town, who toil and spin as little as the others, and, like the former, are better arrayed than Solomon in all his glory. I assure you, our philosopher is so much a man of pleasure, he has left off his old friends and his blue stockings, and is at operas and other gay assemblies every night; so imagine whether a sage doctor, a dropsical patient, and a bleak mountain, are likely to attract him." Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet used to be seen as often at Mrs. Vesey's gatherings as at Mrs. Montagu's. "Blue Stocking" was not a term exclusively applied to Mrs. Montagu's assemblies. To all assemblies where ladies presided and scholars were welcomed, the name seems to have been given. A "Blue-Stocking club" never existed. The title was given in derision by persons who, as before said, lacked the brains, or who were not distinguished by other merits

that would have entitled them to an invitation. The assemblies of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, and Mrs. Ord, were spoken of indifferently as *bas-bleu* assemblies.

Sir William Forbes, in his "Life of Beattie," states that the society of eminent friends who met at Mrs. Montagu's, originally consisted of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Carter, Lord Lyttelton, the Earl of Bath (Pulteney), Horace Walpole, and Mr. Stillingfleet. Sir William adds that Stillingfleet was a learned man, negligent in his dress, and wearing *gray* stockings, which attracted Admiral Boscawen's notice, and caused the gallant seaman to call the assembly of these friends the Blue-Stocking Society, as if to indicate that, when those brilliant friends met, it was not for the purpose of forming a dressed assembly.

To one of the so-called Blue-Stocking Ladies, the once renowned Literary Club owed its name. Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed the formation of such a club; Johnson joyfully acceded, and "The Club" was formed. Hawkins, one of the members, has left on record that "a lady, distinguished by her beauty and taste for literature, invited us two successive years to dinner at her house." Hawkins does not name the hostess (opinion is divided between Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, and Mrs. Ord); but he ascribes her hospitality to curiosity as to a desire to intermingle with the conversation of the members the "charms of her own." This idea of "conversation," in place of gambling and other fashionable follies, was the leading idea with the ladies who share the merit of having founded the Blue-Stocking assemblies. The hostess who received the club "affected," says Hawkins, "to consider the members as *literary* men;" and he thinks it probable that the club thence derived an appellation which it never arrogated to itself. The Blue Stockings and the Literary Clubbists seem to have had this in common: their discourse was miscellaneous, chiefly literary; politics were alone excluded. The last, however, were sometimes quietly discussed in one or other of the groups into which the assemblies under the leadership of ladies divided themselves.

Mrs. Garrick was among the ladies who met in Mrs. Montagu's drawing-room, and she remained the fast friend of the latter till death parted them. About a quarter of a century had elapsed since, as Eva Violett, Mrs. Garrick, had made her first appearance on the stage as a dancer. In what guise she made her *début* was, doubtless, laughingly alluded to by the Blue-Stockings. The Earl of Strarford, who died childless, in 1791, has left a record of the fact in an unpublished letter (March, 1746) in the Cathcart collection. "She surprised her audience at her first appearance on the stage; for, at her beginning to caper, she showed a neat pair of black velvet breeches, with roll'd stockings; but, finding they were unusual in England, she changed them the next time for a pair of white drawers." This was a joke for the more intimate circle in Hill Street. It is probable that it was at the more exclusive gatherings at Mrs. Montagu's, that the satirists, who had no title to enter, flung their shafts. "Beattie used to dwell with enthusiasm and delight," says Sir William Forbes, "on those more private parties into which he had had the happiness of being admitted at Mrs. Montagu's, consisting of Lord Lyttelton, Mrs. Carter, and one or two other most intimate friends, who spent their evenings in an unreserved interchange of thoughts; sometimes on critical and literary subjects; sometimes on those of the most serious and interesting nature."

Mrs. Montagu's assemblies were held within-doors. Other ladies varied the character of their entertainments. Lady Clermont (for example) was not more remarkable for

her conversational parties than for her *al fresco* gatherings. In May, 1773, when living in St. James's Place, she issued invitations to three hundred dear friends, "to take tea and walk in the Park." It is said that the Duchess of Bedford, who then resided on the site now occupied by the north side of Bloomsbury Square, sent out cards to "take tea and walk in the fields." It was expected that sylabubs would soon be milked in Berkeley Square, around the statue of his majesty. Walpole speaks of being invited to Lady Clermont's conversation pieces. These conversation pieces led to such easy manners, that etiquette was sometimes disregarded when it was most expected. Lady Clermont, for instance, being at a card-party at Gunnersbury, with many royal personages, and many witty ones, including Walpole, she remarked aloud that she was sure the Duke of Portland was dying for a pinch of snuff! and she pushed her own box toward him, across the Princess Amelia. Her fluttered royal highness, remembering that my lady had been much favored by the Queen of France, said: "Pray, madam, where did you learn that breeding? Did the Queen of France teach it to you?"

One night in the autumn of 1776, the house in Hill Street was crowded. The French ambassador and Madame de Noailles were there, but the hero of the night was Garrick, who electrified his audience by reciting scenes from Macbeth and Lear.—"Though they had heard so much of you," Mrs. Montagu wrote to Roscius, "they had not the least idea such things were within the compass of art and Nature. Lady Spencer's eyes were more expressive than any human language. . . . She amazed them with telling them how you could look like a simpleton in Abel Druggar, and many comic arts equally surprising, when murderous daggers and undutiful daughters were out of the question." Madame de Noailles was so profuse, as she descended the stairs, in thanks for the great intellectual enjoyment, that Mrs. Montagu was afraid she would forget herself, and, by a false step, break her neck. She fervently hoped, too, that Garrick had not caught cold by going out into the air, "when warned with that fire of genius which animated every look and gesture."

Johnson has described a scene at one of the Blue-Stocking assemblies (Mrs. Ord's), where, as he wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "I met one Mrs. Buller, a travelled lady of great spirit, and some consciousness of her own abilities. We had a contest of gallantry an hour long, so much to the diversion of the company, that at Ramsay's, last night, in a crowded room, they would have pitted us again. There were Smelt, and the Bishop of St. Asaph, who comes to every place, and Lord Monboddo, and Sir Joshua, and ladies out of tale." On another night he was at Miss Monkton's, the then young lady whom many may remember as the odd and eccentric Lady Cork. "As soon as Dr. Johnson had come in and had taken the chair, the company began to collect round him till they became not less than four, if not five, deep, those behind standing and listening over the heads of those that were sitting near him. The conversation for some time was between Dr. Johnson and the Provost of Eton, while the others contributed occasionally their remarks." How well Mrs. Montagu could converse, Johnson has portrayed in a few comprehensive words to Mrs. Thrale: "Mrs. Montagu is *par pluribus*. Conversing with her, you may find *variety in one*." These assemblies were misallied and sneered at only by the blockheads. Walpole was scarcely sincere when he affected to laugh at them. He not only attended them, but stirred others to do so. Four years after this, he writes to Hannah More: "When will you blue stocking yourself and come among us?"

In 1781, Hannah More took the Blue Stockings for a theme for her sprightly little poem, which she entitled "Bas Bleu," and dedicated to Mrs. Vesey. In a few introductory words, the author explained the origin and character of the assemblies to which the well-known epithet was given. "Those little societies have been sometimes misrepresented. They were composed of persons distinguished in general for their rank, talents, or respectable character, who were frequently at Mrs. Vesey's and a few other houses, for the sole purpose of conversation, and were different in no respect from other parties, but that the company did not play at cards."

Hannah More describes the hours she passed at these parties as "pleasant and instructive." She states that she found there learning without pedantry, good taste without affectation, and conversation without calumny, levity, or any censurable error.

Next, and perhaps equal with Johnson, is the unmistakable presence of Mrs. Siddons, who, since the October night of 1782, when she took the town by the passion and pathos of Isabella, had been the idol of the time. There she sits at Mrs. Montagu's, on a sofa, leaning on one elbow, in a passive attitude, counting, or seeming to count, the sticks of her fan, as homage and compliments are profusely laid at her feet. To silly questions she has sensible replies—replies which indicate the queries: "I strove to do it the best I could; I shall do as the manager bids me; I always endeavor to make the part I am about my best part; and, 'I never study any thing but my author.'" There is, probably no exaggeration in this; and the more fantastic side of Mrs. Montagu's character is not overcharged in the incident that follows. The hostess introduces a "young novice of the Muses," in a white frock. A fillet of flowers crowns her long hair, and the novice advancing to Melpomene, addresses her with—

"O thou, whom Nature's goddess calls her own,
Pride of the stage, and favorite of the town;"

which puts poor Mrs. Siddons to the blush, and half of those who are within hearing to flight.—Dr. Doran's "Lady of the Last Century."

TURKISH WOMEN.

It is generally supposed in Western Europe that the harem is a prison in which the Mussulman wife is closely immured. But the word *harem* means simply that part of the house allotted to the women, as the word *semlik* signifies that part allotted to the men. Entry into the harem is interdicted to strangers because it is the sanctuary of conjugal love, but seclusion does not in any way exist, and there are no women more free in their going out and coming in than the Mussulman women. The harem, however, has not always been inviolable, for Ibrahim, grand-vizier of Selim, was permitted free entrance into the harem of his master, and conversed at his will with the mother and wives of the sultan. The women of the Almoravides, too, walked with their faces uncovered, until Mohammed-ben-Abdallah, disciple of the celebrated Al-Gazzali, reestablished the discipline of the Koran, after he had been placed at the head of the Almohades. Among the Turks, women enjoyed considerable liberty up to the reign of Solymán the Magnificent, when several restrictions were imposed in order to assure their inviolability and protect them from the licentiousness of men.

At the present day, however, women in Turkey enjoy as much, if not more, liberty than their sisters of the West. The Christian woman has, undoubtedly, more liberty to do evil. She has the liberty of showing herself nearly half naked at balls, and repre-

sented *tableaux vivants* at theatres. She has the liberty of making a trade of love; for, with us, love has its permanent army and its extraordinary budget like war. Turkish civilization has not advanced as far as that, while, on the other hand, Mussulman women have quite as much liberty to do good; and, although they may have some desires unfulfilled, they nevertheless have little reason to envy their Christian sisters. Our law sacrifices the woman to the man. With us, a married woman remains always a minor. She has neither the power of managing her own property, nor the right to dispose of it. An unnatural husband can sell every thing, even to the furniture, without being obliged to leave his wife as much as a table or a chair, which she may, perhaps, have paid for with the produce of her own labor. She cannot appear in a court of justice without the consent of her husband; she has not the right of directing the education of her children or opposing their marriage, and she cannot act as guardian to an orphan other than her own son or grandson. Paternity being ignored, the woman alone has the burden of natural children, and the shame of faults committed through passion. In fine, a woman without fortune is a pariah condemned by law and Christian manners to all the consequences of isolation and misery. Islamism, on the contrary, is full of solicitude for woman. Legal polygamy apart, she is not subject to the various inconveniences suffered by her sex in other lands. Thanks to the principle of absolute equality which obtains among the Turks, the humblest slave can marry the highest personage; and every woman that bears a child to a man has the right to claim the benefits of paternity for her offspring. Besides, polygamy is not obligatory; and, if the advantages of monogamy are sufficiently apparent to a Mussulman, he is perfectly free to have only one wife—a custom which is now frequent, and likely to become still more general.

I have already said that the Mussulman laws are very favorable to woman. For example, she is of age at nine years, and, when married, can manage her own property, and dispose of a third of her fortune. She can abandon the conjugal domicile for a just cause. If the husband have not sufficient means, the wife is bound to prepare the food and perform the duties of the household for herself and family; but not for guests, or with the object of profit. The wife cannot be compelled to labor for the support of her husband; on the contrary, the husband is bound to provide for the wants of his wife. It is prohibited for the husband to insult or ill-treat his wife. In certain disputes the husband is not believed, unless he produce collateral testimony; failing in which, the oath of the wife is as good as his. Should the husband not provide means of existence for his wife, she is authorized to borrow in his name; her right even going so far as the sale of articles specially belonging to him.

Although a wife cannot actually take the initiative for a divorce, she has many ways, if she desire, of rendering it inevitable; and, among certain Arab tribes, it is sufficient that the woman declares her intention to remarry with another man, who shall be better than her actual husband. It requires four witnesses to convict a woman of adultery; but, as the honor of woman constitutes the principal element of Mussulman society, that honor is naturally guarded by the severest penalties of the law as well as of public opinion. The punishment for adultery is death. While this doom, however, is recorded against infidelity, it stands rather as the expression of public abhorrence than as a law which is to be carried into execution. The annals of the Ottoman Empire record but a single instance of punishment for adultery inflicted

by an indignant multitude or rabble who gathered stones at the wayside to cast at the adulteress.

If a woman among the Druses, however, be guilty of conjugal infidelity (an occurrence which is extremely uncommon), she always pays the penalty with her life. The husband sends his wife back to her father's house, and, with her, the *khanjar*, or dagger, which he had received on his marriage, but without the sheath.* This notifies her dishonor, which attaches, not to the husband, but to the wife's relations, and can only be washed out with her blood. The father and brothers sit in solemn judgment on the wife at her husband's house, and, if the evidence be sufficient, her doom is pronounced. A father's love is of no avail, a mother's shrieks cannot stay the hand that strikes, nor a sister's tears mitigate the punishment. The executioner, generally the eldest brother, severs the wife's head from her body; and the *tantoor*, with a lock of her hair steeped in blood, sent to the husband, testifies that punishment has been inflicted.†—*Modern Turkey*, by J. Lewis Parley.

REVIVAL OF EARLY CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

England, in the eighteenth century, certainly had less belief far than we have; indeed, Christianity has never been more in any age of the world than a thin stratum of powerfully modifying belief in relation to the great mass of its nominal adherents, an ingredient in, rather than the substance of, the world's living principles; and yet the English unbelief of the eighteenth century melted away, and was succeeded by vehement forms of faith like the Wesleyanism, Simeonism, Coleridgeism, Tractarianism, and Nonconformity of the last half-century. No doubt the tide has again receded rapidly for the last ten years, partly under the influence exerted by a more severe historical criticism, partly under the influence of Mr. Darwin's valuable and masterly, but only half-apprehended speculations. No one, however, who has ever entered truly into the spirit of Christ's life will believe for a moment that either the historical blunders of the Christian records, or evidence, however convincing, of a uniform law of evolution, connecting the organization of man with the lower stages of animal and vegetable life, will eventually diminish the overwhelming force of the evidence of conscious life coming from above our own—of an imperious mind which guided the whole course of Jewish history, and became a spring of overpowering wonder and fascination in the Gospels. If we needed a proof that this age feels the meaning of that mysterious descent of power from above as much as ever, it would be afforded by the reception which was given to "Eccle Homo" a few years ago—a book the great literary point of which was to set forth the absolutely imperative character of Christ's personal claims.

* The Druse women are generally very beautiful, and remarkable for fairness of complexion, dark-blue eyes, long raven tresses, and teeth of pearly whiteness. The men generally marry at from sixteen to eighteen years of age, and take but one wife. The bride is usually from thirteen to fourteen years old. Three days before the wedding, the bridegroom, with some of his male friends, goes to the house of his betrothed, and demands her in formal manner from the hands of her father, who, in an equally formal manner, gives his consent. The thirteen yells the husband is to settle on his wife, is then agreed upon. The bride, closely veiled, is led forth by her mother, who vouches for the purity and honor of her daughter; and then the bride presents her future husband with a *khanjar*, or dagger, which denotes the protection she expects to receive from him, and is, at the same time, significant of punishment, should the declaration of her mother be false, or should she subsequently be unfaithful to her marriage-vow.

† The *tantoor* is a silver ornament worn on the head by married women.

We suspect there never was a time when the belief that man constitutes the apex of the spiritual universe was morally less credible to us than it is now. The positivists themselves cannot believe it, and have to invent an ideal humanity as *être suprême*, to receive the wealth of the life which they find it impossible to lavish on man as he is. Strauss invents his Universum to fill the void he has created, and makes believe very much to feel a faint loyalty to this dim spectre of the understanding. We do not think that the mind of our own country at least was ever in a less self-dependent and self-satisfied attitude, ever less disposed to find its spiritual law in its physical lineage. Why, then, has Christ lost his hold for the time on the intellect of the day? We believe simply because, while we have got nearer and nearer to the secret and sign of his authority, we have not yielded that obedience to it which is of the essence of the very evidence to which he appeals. We suggested only last week that the secret of our missionary failures is the attempt to treat the missions as if they were ordinary undertakings, to be remunerated in proportion to the self-sacrifice involved, instead of undertakings to be remunerated by the self-sacrifice involved. And this we believe to be the secret of the failure of the whole of our modern Christianity to get hold of the heart of belief. Christ did lay claim, did openly lay claim, to a kind of self-renunciation for his sake, which was to be itself the attestation of his divine right. How can we be surprised that those churches which do not even pretend to do more than to "make the best of both worlds," are gradually losing all belief in his authority? Dr. Newman was right in saying that the more strenuous religious societies of the Catholic Church resemble—not in their vows and their celibacy, but in their self-denials and their good works—far more closely the Apostles, as Christ sent them into the world, than any thing else in our day, except the very few similar Protestant institutions. Protestant churches have almost lost the idea of life absolutely devoted to the kingdom of God, and, like the rich young man, go away sorrowful because of their great possessions. Yet, surely, if there ever was a miracle in this world which no scientific analysis will succeed in dissolving—a miracle that still attests as powerfully as ever it attested the superhuman life of him who worked it—it was the miracle of the profound confidence with which Christ said to a few poor fishermen on the lake of Galilee: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," half fulfilled as it has been by centuries of splendid though most imperfect achievement. He who could speak of his own immediate death—to human eyes so far from certain that it was even on its eve not particularly probable—as founding a new covenant and communion from which the life-blood of a new world was to spring, spoke to a new sense, almost then and there implanted in man, the sense of a supernatural life in death, a supernatural gain in loss; and without this sense there is no adequate evidence of his real divinity. We do not in the least believe that the power of that spell is exhausted or exhaustible—least of all in a society which is finding every day new evidences of the intensity and number of the ties which bind the highest to the lowest. Only, if the authority of Christ is to assert itself again, it will be in a social movement something like that of the first days of the Gospel, one stripped of the accidents which belonged solely to those days, but of which the principle—not making war against economy, and science, and the arts, but going far beneath and beyond economy, and science, and the arts—must be the same as before, the confounding of the mighty things of the world by the things that are weak and base and despised, and the bring-

ing to naught, by the things which are not, of the things which are. There lies the true evidence of the supernatural, and there also the secret of the only true "revivals."—*London Spectator*.

MONKEY SAGACITY.

It was in a wild and dreary part of the country, in the plains of India, while journeying, that one day a friend and self sat down under the shade of an umbrageous banyan-tree, and we were enjoying a meal of various edibles, to be washed down by a glass of Bass's best, when we were disturbed by the arrival and the noise of a troop of large, black-faced monkeys—the branches overhead literally swarmed with them. They looked on us as interlopers, no doubt, and for some time their gestures appeared so menacing that we were apprehensive they would dispute the ground with us. But, after a time, things seemed to settle down, and we went on with our repast in peace. We had just risen from our meal, and were strolling forth from under the shade, when, to our surprise, one of the monkeys, a young one, fell down from a high branch at our feet. It was quite dead. The clamor that rose above us, on the occurrence of this calamity, was deafening. The whole assembly of monkeys clustered together for a confab. Long and loud were the chattering and varied the grimaces of the tribe, each individual vying with the other in the loudness of his tongue. Their looks and gestures made it apparent that they suspected us as being the cause of the death of their juvenile comrade; and, had we had guns in our hands, or any other murderous weapons, we should no doubt have been set upon and maltreated. But we were unarmed, and the good sense of the monkeys seemed to tell them that there must be some other culprit. Having come to this conclusion, one monkey, apparently the senior and leader of the whole tribe, separated himself from the rest, ran to the spot on the branch whence the young monkey had fallen, examined it carefully, smelt the branch, and then glided nimbly down one of the pillars or pendent roots, with which the banyan-tree is so richly furnished, and came to the corpse of the monkey, took it up, examined it minutely, particularly the shoulder, where there was a wound—not a gun-shot, but one somewhat smaller. Instinct immediately turned suspicion into certainty. He placed the corpse on the ground again, and, turning his gaze in every direction, endeavored to pierce the foliage in his search for the murderer. After a little while something seemed to rivet his attention; it was but for a moment—the next instant he had mounted the tree, sprung to the spot, and, with one clutch, had seized a long whip-snake, with which he hastened to the ground. Now occurred a most curious scene. The whole monkey rabble, following their leader in his rapid movement, were on the ground almost as soon as he; and then, as many as could, ranged themselves on each side of the snake; each monkey put his hand on the reptile, clutching hold of the skin of the back tightly. At a given signal, the executioners dragged the body of the writhing snake backward and forward on the ground, till nothing was left of the murderer but the backbone. The mode of execution was at once summary and effectual; and, in the way in which it was carried out, was manifest the clear understanding which the monkey language conveys. It reminds me of the lingo of some of the Paharee tribes of the Himalayas, which consists of a string or succession of sounds like *ha-ha-hoo-hoo-hin-hin*—equally unintelligible to us as the chatterings of the monkey, but very well understood by the "hoonoomans" by whom it is used; even as the monkeys can comprehend one another.—*Leisure Hour*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE question of the distinction between wages for men and women still agitates the newspapers and supplies matter for eloquent philippics from the platforms. There are so much denunciation, argument, rhetoric, and feeling, elicited by this subject, that one can but wonder so little pains are taken to understand it. Emphatically, it is not understood. The current popular logic ignores nearly all the controlling facts; neither in the journals nor from the platform do we commonly discover any sound knowledge of the determining causes which regulate wages and which establish a distinction in this matter between the sexes. Even a journal so capable as the *New-York Tribune* repeats the current sophistry. In reply to arguments advanced by one of its contemporaries, it makes the following statements:

"1. That men are in particular demand as men, for what men alone can do. 2. In the question of fixing woman's wages regard must be had only to what women can do, and therefore the sailing, and soldiering, and mining, and farming, must be eliminated from the discussion. 3. Women, and not men, are in demand for certain kinds of work, and would, therefore, but for wrong ideas upon the subject, receive wages proportionately as high for their peculiar work as men receive for theirs. 4. What the work is really worth has nothing whatever to do with the way in which the person who fairly earns the money means to spend it, so that the argument that women do not have families to support is ill-founded, even if it were based on fact, which it is not, since a great many women do have families to support, without any assistance from husbands. 5. The prices, as they now stand, are wrong and unjust, just so far as they are less for women than for men, the service being altogether or substantially the same. These are propositions which nobody in his senses can honestly gainsay."

Believing, in all modesty, that we are in full possession of our senses, we venture to gainsay several of these propositions, and will proceed to disprove them. The *Tribune* assumes in this argument that the "fixing of wages" is an act done by employers, who, but for certain wrong ideas on the subject, would render the same justice to women they do to men. Now, so far as wages are fixed at all by mere personal will, they are determined by those who receive wages rather than by those who pay them. But, in truth, wages are not determined by either one class or the other, but by certain conditions which the economists call laws, but which laws are susceptible of modification and adjustment when understood. The inevitable tendency of all wages is to gravitate to the lowest point that will support life. This is just as true of men's wages as of women's. The pressure which exists everywhere to purchase at the lowest price, to reduce cost, to obtain for a minimum of expenditure the largest result, ceaselessly presses down wages. Every consumer in the

land, every necessity which exists for making little go far, every instinct of economy, every force in the community which operates for cheapness—all these are responsible for low wages. Every man buys in the cheapest market; the *Tribune* bargains for paper at the lowest figure for which it can be obtained; it pays its printers no more than they will consent to receive; it conducts its business, just as all other kinds of business are conducted, upon the strictest economical principles, at minimum of cost consistent with the result designed. And this uniform, steady, persistent, invariable, unalterable pressure is what determines wages. If one class of workmen can be obtained who will consent to receive lower wages than another, they will be employed. And, where the conditions are exactly equal—that is, where the service, the performance, and the competition, are the same—A will receive the same wages as B; women will have an equal chance with men; blacks with whites; or Chinese with Caucasians. This is a fixed and recognized law. Women are paid just as much less than men as they will consent to receive; just exactly as Smith is paid as much less than Brown as Smith, or men of capacity on a par with Smith, will accept. The whole and sole reason why women of skill equal to that of men earn less than men is because of sharper competition between women—because of their readiness to work for less; and this readiness, arising from many causes, is greatly determined by the fact of how the wages are to be spent—what the necessities of the laborer are. If women as a class can live on lower wages than men do, then, in all those arenas of employment where competition is active, they will be sure to accept less. What people have to do with their earnings is a very controlling factor in the rates of wages; and, although it is quite true that some women do have families to support, yet the fact that, as a class, female operators do not have the same responsibilities that men have, brings down prices. What the majority consents to receive enforces compliance upon the minority. It is entirely certain that wages are thus determined by definite law. The pressure of society for cheapness of production is so great that wages gravitate to the lowest point the laborer can accept and live. Women, as a class, can accept less than men, and hence their wages are lower. But men have adopted methods to resist this pressure, and women have not. Men have organized into trades' unions, they have combined in associations, they have created a resistance to a pressure which otherwise would grind them to the earth. Coöperation and union have removed that ruinous competition which before was destroying them; by combination they thus counteract law by method, one force by another force. It is quite true the power of resistance they thus employ adds to the cost of production, and lessens the purchasing power of their earnings; but we do not believe, what

we sometimes find asserted, that all thus gained on one hand is lost on the other.

We have thus indicated wherein lies the remedy for low wages among women. Let all the talkers and declaimers put aside their sentimentalism; cease their clamor about justice, and rights, and equality, their emotional appeals and fierce denunciations, and study a few elementary principles on the subject of which they talk so much and know so little. Let them understand that the remedy for low wages for women lies solely with the women themselves. Let women organize. Let them combine. Let them arrest reckless competition. Let them establish a counter-action to the powerful social forces which, as consumers, they have their own share in producing. Let it be realized and accepted as true that, in cases where all the conditions are equal, women are now as well paid as men. In literature there is no distinction of sex—the best-paid author in the country has probably been Mrs. Stowe. An actress is as well paid as an actor when their talents are equal. A *prima-donna* gets, if any thing, a bonus on account of her sex; Rosa Bonheur's genius is just as well rewarded as Landseer's; a *modiste* has nothing to learn of a tailor in the way of profits; a milliner can commonly outdo the hatter in the way of profit. And, to come down to a much lower stratum, the Bridgets of the kitchens have discovered how to command their own price for their services. In fact, this class, too ignorant to declaim and lecture, have practically solved the problem which all other groups of female workers have failed to do, and which eloquent lecturers and women's-rights journals have never remotely guessed at. They have simply united and coöperated so as to keep up wages by preventing destructive competition.

And, while women's wages are kept down by their own lack of wisdom, they are in many trades made victims of a most unfair competition, on the part of irregular and amateur workers. There are a great many women who come into the labor-field not to obtain support, but to earn a few extra dollars, to increase their pocket-money, to enable them to purchase an extra dress, or a new trinket. These women are for the most part daughters of well-to-do people. They are supplied with every necessity; in estimating wages, they do not have to consider rent, fire, light, or even food; time is of no definite value to them; they consent to receive a price for labor which is out of all relation to expenditure, either of effort or necessary cost of maintenance during its performance. As it is a law of labor that wages are never higher than the minimum price laborers will consent to receive, it is obvious how disastrous the effect of this guerilla labor must be on all trades into which it enters. The seamstresses are those who suffer most by it. Let the women-defenders look well to this class of unfair competitors.

Women must have more avenues of em-

ployment in order to reduce competition; but the doors of many trades are shut upon them because the male laborers fear the consequence of their unorganized competition. It is certain that the large intrusion of women into a majority of pursuits would ruin them for men. The obstinacy with which many trades exclude women is often denounced, but it is natural—it is a matter of self-defence; and the sole remedy possible is in stimulating women to organize their forces so as to extinguish ruinous competition. In all this argument we have assumed an equality in the value of the labor of the two sexes. But woman-work is often poorly paid because it is indifferently done. All the conditions must correspond in order to establish uniformity of price; and just as certain as the sun rises and sets, as the tide ebbs and flows, wages will respond to these conditions alone, and never to senseless clamor about justice, or to fierce denunciations of employers.

— There are a few elderly people still living in London who can remember when the notorious Cagliostro, otherwise known as Joseph Balsamo, occupied an elegantly-fitted house in the patrician purlieu of Knightsbridge, and was the favored necromancer-ingeneral to the surrounding aristocracy. Cagliostro has been embalmed to such perpetuity as the elder Dumas will himself enjoy, in that author's thrilling "Diary of a Physician" and "Diamond Necklace." Indeed, those who remember the true story of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace, in which the Countess de la Motte, Cardinal de Rohan, and other court celebrities, were engaged, will not forget the share that the fashionable wizard of the day had in the strange transaction. Cagliostro in London, though fallen from the high estate which he had for a while occupied at Paris, was yet patronized by the superstitious dames and court beauties of the Regency; and stories are told of the mysterious visits of roistering royalty itself to the dimly-lit chamber where the now grizzled seer dispensed his miraculous potions and displayed his supernatural visions. A more practical age has intervened; and, were Cagliostro now alive, the pursuit of his profession would render even his illustrious person liable to durance vile. It is no longer lawful in England to practise necromancy, to work by charms, or to sell elixirs of perpetual youth and fragments of the philosopher's stone. But, strange to say, the demand for such remedies for human ills is by no means exhausted; and, if the present successors of Cagliostro can only manage to pursue their avocation *sub rosa*, they may enjoy as copious a shower of guineas as the most popular of West-End doctors. Two singular cases of superstition and credulity have just occurred, one in Yorkshire, in the north, the other in Dorset, in the south, being cumulative proof of the maxim that "a fool is born every day," and that "there's a fly for every spider."

At Hull, in Yorkshire, there flourished, until prison-doors closed on him, a certain Dr. Dulcamara, who turned out to be an ex-drum-major of militia, but whose sounding name and imposing presence, as well as his marvellous cures, gave him not a little repute among the less cultured town-folk. To him came from a village, some miles distant, a respectable farmer, whose ills were complicated and stubborn to the diagnosis of the rustic Esculapius. The farmer proved perfectly gullible, and the doctor plied him for months with precious ointments and priceless balsams and infallible elixirs, at luxury prices. He parted with some "elixir of life" to him for a matter of three pounds ten; he sold him "manna from the wilderness" for as much again; Oriental balms, the treasures of Hindoo temples, were bestowed upon the sufferer at the ruinous rate of twenty guineas the two-ounce flask. But the farmer did not heal; suspicions grew up; the august Dulcamara, become simple Henry Jackson, was brought up at Quarter Sessions. Chemical examination of the sacred medicines showed that the "elixir of life" was colored water, that the Oriental balms were mainly butter, and that the manna was exceedingly cheap and sweetened bread. The faith of the farmer had cost him several hundred dollars, and weeks of long suffering; the awakening was rude, but was doubtless salutary. In the other case, that in Dorset, a patriarchal-looking old gentleman, who set up in a rural district as a "cunning man," assured the bucolic father and mother of an idiotic boy that he could cure him by certain charms. His services being duly engaged, he declared that the boy was possessed of an evil spirit, which he proceeded to exorcise. Obnoxious articles were buried out of sight, the boy went through strange manipulations, and the charms were regularly paid for, until the peasant couple had expended some twenty pounds—a fortune for them—on the "cunning man." The officers of the law, not the parents, whose faith had not been exhausted, put a stop to the extortion, and the "cunning man" is serving his six months at hard labor. And yet there are noble lords who declare that the agricultural population of England are far better off without education!

MINOR MENTION.

— It is often argued that hanging as a mode of punishment should be continued because it impresses people with awe, and hence restrains the criminal passions of the dangerous classes. A little free mingling with people, and a perusal of some of our newspapers, would show those who make this argument that an execution excites a reckless and brutal levity more than any thing else. In the past few weeks the sentences of Stokes and Foster have afforded standing matter for jests. One of our Western papers, referring to the efforts of the counsel of Stokes to obtain a new trial, jestingly announces, in

big type, that Stokes's "hempen neck-tie is hard to untie;" and another journal tells its readers that, while the sheriff will hang Foster with a single line, the sensational reporters will "launch him into eternity" with a whole series of head-lines. This is a sorry taste to exhibit in a matter designed to be one of solemnity and awe, but it fairly represents the spirit with which a majority of people discuss the impending executions.

— Should this country continue to grow in libraries for the next twenty years as it has grown in the last twenty, 1890 will find us a most learned nation. The census of '850 shows four and a half million of books in our public and private libraries; the census of 1860 found thirteen millions; and that of 1870 over forty-five millions—a record of threefold growth every ten years. One of the most pleasing features of the statistics of the present census is the presence, for the first time, of eleven hundred libraries; belonging to cities and towns, and freely open to the whole community. It is a matter of regret, however, that these town libraries are so far local that more than half of them are found in New England, and more than a third in Massachusetts alone. No State out of New England possesses any number of them except New York and Michigan. We trust the census of the next decade may show the spread of these libraries over the whole country, common as our common schools, and exerting a wide educational influence. The private libraries of the country make a goodly showing—one hundred and eight thousand in number, with twenty-six million volumes in them; and these are more evenly distributed over the whole land. That we have forty-five million books in libraries, with a much larger but unknown number in private houses, shows the wide extent to which habits of reading permeate the nation. The record of the periodical press shows the same law of growth, though not at so rapid a rate: two thousand five hundred in 1850, four thousand in 1860, and five thousand nine hundred in 1870. But their topical division shows the great tendency of the nation to political life. Of these five thousand nine hundred daily, weekly, and monthly publications, less than one hundred are agricultural and horticultural, one hundred and fifty are commercial, four hundred religious, five hundred literary, and over four thousand three hundred political.

— Now, again, come letters to the daily journals complaining because gentlemen are so ungallant as to retain seats in the cars while ladies are standing. But, if men must surrender the seats they have purchased in a vehicle to every feminine demand, why shouldn't the same rule apply to seats in the theatres, at the concert, the opera, or the lecture-room? An omnibus-driver or a car-conductor has no more right to sell a seat twice than a theatre-manager has; but, so compliant have the public become, that a conductor or driver, after having already disposed of all the places in his vehicle, never hesitates a moment to offer to the first applicant that which he has already sold. There was a time when an omnibus-driver with a full complement of passengers, who

should attempt to take up another fare, was sharply reminded by a chorus of voices that his stage was full; now the possession of a seat gives the passenger no rights whatever. He is expected to give it up to the first woman who enters; and, if he attempts to retain it, the bench is soon so overcrowded that he is gradually squeezed into most uncomfortable meagreness of space, and sometimes, by this means, forced to surrender what everybody appears to think his ill-gotten and illegal possession. So long as men consent to be imposed upon in this way, the imposition will be practised. When an overcrowded vehicle was an exception rather than the rule, men almost uniformly offered their seats to ladies; but, in course of time, it came to be seen that car and omnibus proprietors took advantage of this disposition to always overcrowd their vehicles. A man found that if he gave up his seat every time he found a lady standing, he should always be without one; to carry out this form of politeness was simply to condemn himself to a permanent standing-place in cars or omnibuses, to the manifold advantage and profit of the proprietors. He began, therefore, to consider that what he paid for he might occasionally enjoy; that his politeness to ladies had been taken advantage of by the car-proprietors, for whose benefit it was not designed, and was practically postponing the day when ample and better accommodation should be provided. Full cars should be placarded, as they do in the theatres, "Standing-room only;" then, just as in the theatre, whoever enters must understand that no claim exists upon the priority of possession by others.

While regretting the epidemic of blood which has injured the fame of our fair city during the past year, we are fain to congratulate ourselves that the crimes which disgrace us, bad as they are, are seldom accompanied by the senseless brutality which so often characterizes similar deeds in the English cities. The average British "rough" is a far more degraded being, intellectually and morally, than his type on this side of the water. He is but little removed from the beasts, whose blood-thirsty ferocity he not unfrequently rivals. One of his peculiarities is wife-beating, a pastime which he often accompanies with the most abominable cruelties, and from which his unfortunate victim generally is released only by death. So common have these disgusting and inhuman brutalities become of late in London, that they have excited unusual comment. A writer in one of the daily papers speaks of these peculiar crimes as an epidemic, the "outbreak of a deep-seated and apparently incurable animal ferocity, of which Ruskin has well said: 'For it there is no excuse nor palliation, but it is pure essence of tiger and demon, and it casts on the human countenance the paleness alike of the horse of death and the ashes of hell.'" The correspondent questions whether there is any punishment but death that is meet for crimes of this character.

The Bavarian authorities have lately been making an attempt to put a stop to duelling in the universities. The practice is a common one among German students, and, although against the laws, it has generally

been ignored by both the civil and the university officials. The weapon used is a sabre, with a sharp edge, adapted for cutting and not for thrusting. Ugly wounds are given sometimes, but as the neck and vulnerable parts of the body are protected by suitable guards, it seldom happens that a dangerous cut is received. A Munich student was tried in October last, before the district court, on a charge of having been engaged in a duel with deadly weapons, and acquitted on the ground that the duelling-sabre is not a deadly weapon within the meaning of the law. But the public prosecutor appealed the case, and the higher tribunal has just reversed the decision, it having been proved that there are several fatal cases on record. The student was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in a fortress, and adjudged to pay the costs of the prosecution. What effect this unusual severity will have on the practice remains to be seen, but it is doubtful whether it will prove as satisfactory as the authorities expect. Students in general are refractory beings, not accustomed to yield to force, and German students are no exception to the rule. A movement to put down a custom like this, sanctioned by the usage of generations, must originate among themselves if it would meet with success.

"One who faithfully studies his Bible and Webster's unabridged Dictionary, and nothing else, will be better prepared for any sphere in life than nineteen-twentieths of those who are great readers." We clip the above from an address delivered by a certain "professor" before a teachers' institute in one of the Western States. Were it not for the fact that it is published, without comment, in the official *Educational Journal* of the same State, we should be tempted to ask whether the author is really so foolish as his argument would imply, or only an agent for Webster's dictionaries.

Mr. Daniel Dougherty has given us a lecture on the decline of oratory. Probably, of all the overrated arts, oratory is the most conspicuous; and the declaration that "an orator would not be tolerated in the House of Commons" is evidence of the good sense and practical wisdom of that body. The debate has succeeded the oration; instead of vivid, flowery, extravagant, and sensational appeals to the imagination, the speaker in the English House will not be listened to who cannot bring compact statement, lucid argument, and accurate knowledge, to the exposition of his topic. But Mr. Dougherty tells us that even in the American Congress oratory is not appreciated; we fear that it has with us, both in Congress and out, far too much influence, the successful declaimer gaining the ear when dispassionate argument is unheeded. Every speaker derives advantage from a fervid and earnest style; but the noise and storm, the violent gesticulation, the strained arts and pompous sentences of would-be orators are supremely offensive to men of taste and discernment. All we want of public speakers is good talking—free, fluent, simple, unaffected delivery. Between the stammering and hesitancy of English speakers and the barbaric noise of some of our more popular American orators there is a happy medium,

marked by naturalness and ease, which may to great advantage be adopted in the pulpit, at the bar, in Congress, and on the platform.

"Carl Benson" castigates, in the last number of the *Galaxy*, what he calls the Jack-in-office insolence. But those fellows who, by virtue of their official position, conceive that the rest of mankind have no title to respect or consideration, are for the most part aided and abetted by their victims. Jack-in-office arrogance and extortion could not exist if the public as a body resisted them. "Carl Benson" covers the whole question when he says that the prestige of this class is sustained and furthered by a particular result of democracy. "Whenever an individual is bold enough to complain of or resist insolence or extortion, the mass of his fellow-sufferers, instead of backing up the man who has taken the first step for them all, are rather inclined to see in his conduct an affectation of superiority. 'If we can bear it, why can't he?' is their thought; and thus they aid the common enemy, in a negative way, by not supporting their champion." The few who have recklessly resented the "Jacks-in-office," can feelingly bear witness to the truth of this comment. While everybody is declaiming, for instance, against the rudeness and ill-breeding of car-conductors, let but a man mildly expostulate with one of these fellows, and the cold stare with which some of his fellow-passengers will greet him, and the open impatience which others will express, show him instantly that he is without sympathy from those who should naturally accord him their support. There ought to be an *esprit de corps* among gentlemen in this matter; if nothing else will remedy the evil, a club ought to be formed, the members of which would pledge to aid each other in teaching public servants good manners and a respectful demeanor.

The excitements of French politics, made yet more sensational by the death of Napoleon, do not allay that love of speculative controversy which the French, especially since Voltaire, have betrayed. Two productions are just now the favorite topic of conversation in the corridors of the Institute and among the literary coteries and clubs. One of the most radical of the deputies, M. Naquet, whose personal deformity is said to give a strange effect to the dark Jacobinism of his utterances, has published a work on "Religion, Property, Family," compared with which those of Voltaire and Proudhon were timid and halting utterances. M. Naquet believes that there is no God, and ought to be no religion; that man is over-conceited to think he has a soul; that private property is an absurdity and a tyranny; that wealth is an outrage, and mercantile competition an unmixt ill; and that there should not be any such thing as marriage recognized. Children should be educated by the state, which should also be the universal inheritor of all property whatsoever. M. Naquet seems, therefore, in his way, to have solved every vital question, secular and religious, which has troubled humanity since the patriarchs, and puzzled philosophy since Socrates; and, having thus delivered a mind which seems as crooked as the body in which it dwells, will doubtless do what little he can practically to establish the

Utopia he pictures. Far different is the scathing reply of another deputy, to an unjustifiable assault which was made on him in the Assembly. M. Batbie, in his famous report, sharply reflected on the scientific opinions of M. Littré; as if those opinions had any thing to do with the political situation, or with the Assembly at all. While the attack on him was being read from the tribune, M. Littré sat very quietly reading a book; nor did he once lift his eyes from it. Now he writes, in the last number of the *Revue de Philosophie Positive*, a burning retort upon the monarchist member. He fairly demolishes his opponent by the vigor of his rhetoric; and all Paris is laughing at the pretentious Batbie's signal discomfiture.

Mr. Bellevue, who came to us from England endorsed as the best elocutionist in the world, should change the name given to his evenings, and call them "Entertainments" instead of "Readings." This would prevent disappointment, and with certain people save his reputation. They are not strictly readings—that is, they depend quite as much on extraneous matters, such as music and choruses, as upon pure elocutionary art; and then it is a question how far a reader may be permitted to indulge in personations. It is not an artistic and scarcely a tasteful thing for a gentleman to go staggering about a platform in order to represent drunkenness; and it is still more repulsive to good taste to see a gentleman in carefully-arranged evening-dress standing, in rapt ecstasy, while organ and chorus respond to his sentiments about dying. This method of giving Pope's "Vital Spark" is marked more by clap-trap than art or good taste. Mr. Bellevue has a handsome and expressive face, and his great shock of white hair gives picturesque dignity to his presence. His voice is clear and full, but somewhat metallic, and never entirely sympathetic. He usually gives the meaning of his author; but, so far from being a great elocutionist—who is one, we take it, who masters, subdues, thrills, and mightily stirs by the power of tones—he is compelled to resort to extraneous aids in order to produce the effects he desires. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Bellevue gives agreeable entertainments; his mimicry, his personations, the music, and the choruses, make up altogether a lively evening's amusement.

We still keep going to the French stage for our dramatic literature. Closely following "Alixé," which we noticed last week, came, at the Union Square Theatre, an adaptation from the French, called "One Hundred Years Old." This play has not the painful termination of "Alixé;" and its central figure, the grand old centenarian, is one well calculated to arouse the sympathies of an audience. That patriarchal phase of French life, of which we sometimes read, where, under the same roof, gather three and even four generations, in happy union, the venerable head of the family loved and revered by the younger groups, is also designed to enlist the interest and sympathies of the spectator. But, as an artistic work, "One Hundred Years Old" is greatly inferior to "Alixé." Possibly much of this is due to the adaptation, as the play was a great suc-

cess in Paris. There is not, as in "Alixé," that artistic evolution, that neatness and perfection of situation, that play and interplay of character and motive, that indescribable something which we call Art, by which skilfully-varied scenes are fused into one coherent and symmetrical whole. All through the play the characters come in and go off in a purposeless sort of way; and then the situations and groupings, such as they are, are not managed with the adroitness exhibited at Mr. Daly's theatre. Nor can we greatly praise Mr. Mark Smith's rendition of the old centenarian. It is a grand, and, in a manner, an effective picture, but lacks that light and shade, that nice perception of character, that insight into feeling and motive, which are necessary to give the character its full weight and significance. The story is of a girl who permits herself to be suspected and accused in order to hide the wrong-doing of a sister; and this situation, after much tribulation, is detected by the experience and insight of the great-grandfather.

Correspondence.

"Blunders."

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

SIR: On page 194 of the present volume of your JOURNAL you take occasion to smile at the "European blunders about American affairs," and, at the same time, ask, "Yet, do we not, in America, make similar mistakes?" Of course you do. On the very next page, in your notice of the death of Dean Ramsay, is a blunder as bad as the *Spectator*, or any other British on-looker, ever made. You say that the dean was rector of, and preached "in, St. John's Cathedral, within a few weeks of his demise." Of course, you are aware that a cathedral is a bishop's church. But you forget that there have been no cathedrals in Scotland since the days of the Roman Catholics. The Glasgow Church, and several ruins, as Elgin, Dumblane, etc., are called so simply from a love of the old name; but centuries have passed since they were cathedrals in reality. The bishops of the Scotch Episcopal Church have no cathedrals, and never had, nor have they ever claimed to have. In fact, their places of worship are simply dissenting chapels, and are so always called. The church of the Episcopal Bishop of Edinburgh is simply St. Paul's Chapel. The only building in that city which has ever been called a cathedral is the Presbyterian "Church of St. Giles," in the "Heart of Midlothian." It was formerly the see of the Romish Bishop of Edinburgh. Dean Ramsay's charge was St. John's Chapel, a place of worship much frequented by the aristocracy of the West End. I have seen the queen's mother and other exalted personages there, and its late pastor gave it reputation of a better kind. But the "highest" of the Scotch Episcopal Church, even those who speak of the "Lord Bishop of Edinburgh" never presumed to talk of a Scotch cathedral. They would be laughed at by all parties.

I am faithfully yours,

AN EDINBURGH EPISCOPALIAN.

We were in error in calling St. John's a cathedral, but it is a mistake that has often been made by Scotchmen themselves. Our correspondent's assertion that the blunder was as bad as the *Spectator*, or any other British

on-looker, ever made, is simply absurd. This opinion only indicates the great over-estimation in which an "Edinburgh Episcopalian" may hold distinctions of no real significance or importance.—ED. JOURNAL.

Literary Notes.

"JOSHUA DAVIDSON, Communist" (Lippincott), we must acknowledge to be a remarkable, though it is by no means a pleasant, book. It belongs to a class of which "Ginx's Baby" is perhaps the archetype, and which already includes not a few striking social and political studies. Like these, "Joshua Davidson" was published anonymously in England; but, unlike its predecessors, it puts forth the useless, though in some quarters very effective, pretence of its having been written by a member of the very class whose condition and needs it considers. Its hero is a poor carpenter in a provincial town of England, who determines, in his youth, to model his life, in the most literal sense, after that of Christ. The story, purporting to be the narration of a fellow-workman who stood his firm friend to the last, is a bitter picture of his struggles to put his theory into practice; to set aside the complex workings of modern systems, or at least to ignore them, and to restore the primitive simplicity which he believes to have been the noblest form of social and political life. He hopes to attain this by the introduction of an enlightened communism—communism as he understands it. The story traces his various misfortunes; his efforts, in the midst of ridicule and contempt, to live and exemplify his beliefs in the midst of London; his enthusiastic sympathy with the communistic movement in Paris, which he joins and vigorously aids; his death at the hands of an English mob. We should do the greatest injustice to this really remarkable book if we should try to enter further into its detail while giving no idea of the vigorous and forceful style in which the whole is written. It is in this very point that the author has, perhaps, overshot his mark. It is impossible to read the story and retain even the shadow of a belief in its being the work of an uncultivated man—a man, we mean, without the very highest culture. The scenes in Paris, and the defence of the Commune, are masterpieces of their kind; though no one can restrain a smile as he thinks of the ideal pictures and then of the reality. The Commune, by its own fault, robbed itself of ideal qualities; the aimlessness of the uprising, the absence of purpose, high or low, except that of blind struggle for some good it knew not of—these characteristics carry it very far from the ideas of "Joshua Davidson." And the book seems to us to lose sight of the fact that, until the communistic movement will use the will, patience, and calm wisdom needful to organize, it must either be without effect of any kind, or defeat its own ends by useless bloodshed and merely clamorous attempts at revolution. In spite of its faults, however, we repeat that "Joshua Davidson, Communist," is a remarkable work, and one that thinkers should read.

The revised edition of the miscellaneous essays of Mr. Herbert Spencer, published by D. Appleton & Co., under the title of "Recent Discussions in Science, Philosophy, and Morals," contains so much new matter as fairly to entitle the book to a second mention here. The six essays following that on "The Genesis of Science," which formed the conclusion of the former volume, are not only entirely

now to American readers, but they serve to make this a complete collection of all Mr. Spencer's recent short dissertations. Of the six new papers here presented, we think that on "Specialized Administration" will find the widest circle of interested readers. Those entitled "What is Electricity?" "The Constitution of the Sun," and "Mr. Martineau on Evolution," are most valuable contributions to the discussion of problems to which the leading minds of the scientific world are devoting their best powers; and Mr. Spencer's views will have a weight not ordinarily accorded to those of a man who gives so large a portion of his thoughts to metaphysics. But the essay called "Specialized Administration" contains a political lesson so perfectly suited to the time, and so directly appealing to Americans who are giving any thought to the signs of the day, that, though its illustrations and direct application are English, it forms one of the most useful studies in political economy that has appeared within the last few years. If it provokes half the discussion it deserves, its republication here will have done a most valuable work. Of the important essays forming the first part of this collection we need not speak again, since they have already found a circle of readers sufficiently wide to demand this new edition.

The second volume of M. Guizot's new "History of France" has just been published in Paris. "It takes the reader," says the *Saturday Review*, "down to the end of the reign of Louis XII., and is certainly one of the most valuable books of the present season. The author's merits as an historian have hitherto been considered to lie chiefly, if not exclusively, in his talent for generalization, in his philosophical views, and in his masterly exposition of abstract principles. The '*Histoire de la Civilisation en France*' did not show that descriptive power which must ever be the secret of M. Augustin Thierry's fame, and even the '*Mémoires pour servir l'Histoire de son Temps*' seemed to many readers somewhat heavy, too little room having been allowed for the picturesque element. The work now before us, however, places M. Guizot in an entirely new light; while he still shows those powers of reasoning and generalization which made his early reputation, he has superadded a graphic vigor of which few thought him capable; he remembers that he writes for the young, and in this second volume especially he has managed to throw great dramatic vigor into his narrative. It is true that the events he had to relate are of a sufficiently exciting character almost to compel the historian to be interesting; the reigns of Charles V. and Charles VI., the Hundred Years' War between the English and the French, Charles VII. and *La Pucelle*, Louis XI., and Charles the Bold—such are the leading actors in the book."

A very valuable contribution to the literature of natural history has come to us this week in the shape of the "Key to North American Birds," by Dr. Elliott Coues, assistant-surgeon in the United States Army. The actual matter of the book we will leave for the criticism of naturalists; but of the admirable system of its arrangement and its value as a specimen of what a scientific book of reference should be, we can speak with due knowledge—such knowledge at least as must come to every one who has experienced endless vexation in the search for information through books badly put together, tangled in the intricacies of unexplained "original" systems of arrangement, and oblivious of the necessities of the reader. An experience of these things leads

us to appreciate a book of another sort, like this, containing a description of every bird properly classified under the title "North American," and giving its facts in a lucid way that is serviceable to all without being superficial. The work will find many readers besides naturalists; and to them, unless it contains inaccuracies which we have no means of detecting, it will be of the greatest value.

The publication of the poems of Henry Timrod where they will at last find readers all over the nation, is a just though greatly delayed tribute to the memory of a writer who has too long had little more than a sectional fame. There will, we imagine, be a very general feeling of surprise among readers in the Northern States when they find, through this volume, the merit of a poet of whom they had hardly heard the name; and many will turn to the kindly and discriminating memoir prefixed to the collection by Mr. Paul H. Hayne, to learn something of Timrod's life. To those who read with true appreciation, his verses will suffer nothing from the fact that many of them are written with the most intense Southern feeling, fostered by the war in the midst of which they were composed. But while these will not, perhaps, appeal to many, there remains a large proportion of Timrod's poems—notably the shorter lyrics and the sonnets in this volume—which must find praise everywhere for their beauty, delicacy, and often singular grace of conception and execution, and sometimes for touches of the true fire. We are heartily glad to see the book so appreciatively edited. (E. J. Hale & Sons.)

The "Wonders of Sculpture," by Louis Viardot, which forms the latest edition to Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s "Illustrated Library of Wonders," is a most serviceable little book, translated from the French edition of the author. In its criticism there is nothing particularly original, but it is excellently fitted for the place it is meant to occupy—that of an introduction especially to the study of the most ancient sculpture. Some of the best examples of the more modern—though we are not sure the selection includes all it should, even in a work of this compass—are introduced; but the aim of the book is, as it should be, to treat of little more than the sources of inspiration, the actual "wonders," and to meddle little with the study of "schools," and the theories of modern critics. The engravings are not in all cases satisfactory, though their general effect is good; many are sadly wanting in clearness, and have the appearance of either wear or careless printing.

"Marie Derville," by Madame Guizot de Witt, translated by Mary G. Wells (Lippincott), does not seem to us so good a story as "An Only Sister," by the same author, which we noticed a week or two ago. It is more artificial, and has more conscious effort in it, than that simple and true little sketch. We praised "An Only Sister" for its freedom from cant, but we are by no means sure that "Marie Derville" merits the same commendation. There is something stilted in the book, which we should be loath to attribute entirely to the translator; and, while we feel sure that the lesson of the story is sincerely believed, the manner of conveying it has something of that conventionality that repels one unconsciously and perhaps unjustly.

Dr. Dasent's novel of "Lady Sweetapple; or, Three to One," is already familiar to the readers of this JOURNAL, and we need do little more than announce its appearance, in book-

form, in D. Appleton & Co.'s "Library of Choice Novels." The style is unusually fresh and original, and there is a healthy spirit in it that gives one a pleasant relief after the introspective, psychological novels of labyrinthine plot and hazy conjecture, that form no small proportion of current reading. "Lady Sweetapple" may be called a healthily-constituted book, and we think it will be a popular one.

The "Memoirs of a Volunteer in the War with Mexico" (Lippincott) consists of extracts from the journal of the author, Mr. John R. Kenly, of Baltimore, during the time of the conflict he describes. They form a contribution of some interest to the history of the period, but their value is somewhat diminished by the purely personal character of many of the reminiscences, and by the often unnecessary expression of the author's opinions on points of which we cannot help thinking he had little opportunity to judge.

Scientific Notes.

THE following facts regarding the relative size and weight of the brain are condensed from an able lecture on this general subject, lately delivered, before the American Institute, by Professor Burt G. Wilder: The average weight of the human brain is between forty and fifty ounces; and it is, therefore, larger and heavier than that of any animal, with two exceptions—that of a large whale, which has been found to weigh five pounds; and that of the elephant, ranging from eight to ten pounds. The brain of a full-grown gorilla weighs about fifteen ounces. As a general rule, the more intelligent animals have larger brains, in proportion to their weight of body and in this the dog shows his superiority to the cow, and man to the elephant and whale. This rule has its exceptions, however, since in many birds the brain is larger, in proportion to the body, than in man; and the body of the little "ouistiti," or marmoset-monkey of South America, is only twenty times as heavy as its brain. In a comparison of the male with the female brain it was found that the average weight of two hundred and seventy-eight male European brains was forty-nine and one-half ounces, while that of one hundred and nineteen female brains was forty-four. This order is, however, reversed, if the ratio of brain to body be the standard; for in eighty-one male brains the ratio was found to be as 1 to 36.50, while in eighty-two female brains it was as 1 to 36.46. Carefully-prepared tables indicate that in both sexes the brain increases rapidly up to the age of about seven years, then less rapidly to fourteen years, and afterward more slowly to the twentieth year, near which date it attains its greatest weight. After the age of fifty, the brain seems to lose about an ounce for each decade. The average weight of the brain with one thousand intelligent persons, exceeds that of an equal number of ignorant ones; but observation proves that a large brain may often coexist with a slight degree of intelligence while, on the other hand, a very high degree of intellectual power and general culture may characterize individuals whose brains are below the average. Hence it appears that neither absolute nor relative size of the whole brain is a sufficient test of mental power, either in animals or human beings.

We find in the daily journals a description of a new pavement, which is designated as "imperishable." It consists of blocks, which may be of wood, brick, iron, or artificial stone, brick-shaped, from ten to twelve inches in

length by three or six wide, and four inches deep if of iron, or six if of other material. They are laid upon the narrow face, and alternately, like brick-work, when in position, and secured in their place in the following manner: The blocks of wood are bored, or the others moulded or cast, each, with two perforations running at right angles to the longer axis from one to another of the broadest perpendicular faces, each half-way between the extremity and the middle of the block. These blocks are to be laid like brick-work, and at right angles to the direction of the street. So laid, the lines of perforation would join from one block to its neighbor above and below. Pegs of wood, if the blocks be wood, or hollow iron rods if of other material, are prepared, of a length equal to the width of the block. Each will thus reach from the middle of one block to the middle of the next, and by these the whole is riveted, so to speak, into one mass. Every block is joined by a peg or rod to four others, two above and two below, which in turn are fast to the flankers of the first, and the whole is as one block. From the nature of this arrangement it will be seen that a smooth surface is always secured, as no one or dozen blocks can sink. No prepared surface or flooring is necessary; the inventor claims that his pavement may be laid over a bog if need be. Repairs, should they be necessary, can be easily made; but it is claimed that the pavement will wear to the very rods without needing repair.

Regarding the proposed removal of the famous obelisk "Cleopatra's Needle" from Alexandria to London, Mr. John Dixon writes as follows: "I have just returned from Egypt, where I am constructing an iron bridge across the Nile, and had the curiosity, when there, to carefully examine the position of the monolith, and to survey the adjoining fore-shore. . . . There are no difficulties in the way; and the obelisk may be shipped, brought to England, and erected on the Thames embankment, for about fifty thousand dollars—a sum not great for the acquisition of so ancient a monument." The two obelisks known as "Cleopatra's Needles" were formerly at Heliopolis, but were removed to and re-erected at Alexandria by Ramses II. The one which it is now proposed to remove to London is seventy feet in height, and seven feet six inches diameter at the base. It was presented to the British Government by Mehmet Ali; but, owing to its mutilated condition and the partial obliteration of the hieroglyphics, it was not regarded as worth the risk and expense of moving. With the example of the French Government before them, it is yet possible, however, that this great work will be accomplished by English engineers.

The value of the sensitive photographic plate, in determining the depth to which solar rays penetrate the sea, has already been demonstrated by Professor Agassiz and others. Mr. Seimons has, by the aid of more delicate apparatus and the use of the electric current, succeeded in the construction of a deep-sea photometer, that serves the double purpose of a light-measurer and a sounding-line. This ingenious contrivance consists of a roll of sensitive paper, hermetically closed in a glass tube, placed in a recess in a thick disk attached to an iron frame, and kept in place by a spring. Attached to the frame is a magnet, which draws the tube out from its recess when a current is passed down through the supporting wire rope; and, on the current being broken, the tube containing the sensitive paper is drawn back into darkness again. By this arrangement, the actinic force of the light

may be estimated by the degrees to which the sensitive paper is darkened at different depths.

As colliery-explosions are often the indirect result of diminished atmospheric pressure, Mr. J. A. R. Newlands has suggested, with a view of preventing such calamities, that the air in coal-mines should be maintained at a constant pressure by artificial means. To effect this, he proposes to close the mouths of the shafts with air-tight covers, through an opening in which air could be forced through the workings. This current could be so regulated that any desired degree of ventilation might be attained. It is also claimed that in many collieries dangerous accumulations of fire-damp might be prevented by simply exhausting the air at stated intervals, and then forcing a current of fresh air into the pit, so as to thoroughly ventilate the entire system of workings.

An interesting fact, as illustrating the peculiar effects of continued vibrations upon masses of solid metal, is noticed in the *Journal of Science*. A quantity of tin-ings was, during a severe frost, sent from Rotterdam to Moscow. On arriving, it was found to be in a coarse, crystalline powder, which could not be fused into the ordinary condition of tin, as the application of heat converted it into an oxide; and yet an analysis determined that the powder contained 99.7 per cent. of pure tin, the remainder being lead and iron. It is to this force of continued vibration that may be attributed the change in the condition of car-axes, altering their structure from fibrous to crystalline, and thus rendering them much more brittle.

At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Faye, the president, read a paper, in which he defended his physical theory of the sun against some recent criticisms of Messrs. Spencer and Kirchhoff. He regards the spots as produced by cyclones, which form a funnel-shaped cavity in the photosphere. Round the edge of this hole the photosphere and chromosphere are heaped together, and into it masses of cooler atmosphere are drawn by the vortex, and there exert their absorptive power.

Reports from Chili state that showers of sand, supposed to have come from an eruption of Mount Llaimea, occurred, on July 3d, at Araucaria. This fall of sand was of sufficient extent to cover up all the planted fields of the Indians, and oblige them to take refuge on the north side of the mountain.

Home and Foreign Notes.

THE public improvements decided upon or already commenced in New-York City will involve an expenditure of nearly twenty-two million dollars. The most costly of the improvements are the tunnel and the suspension-bridge across Harlem River, which will cost the city four million dollars. The widening of Broadway will cost two million dollars in awards and nearly nine hundred thousand dollars for the improvement of the street. The Morning-ride Park, which will occupy a rocky declivity between the Eighth and Ninth Avenues, will cost about one million five hundred thousand dollars. The Riverside Park will cost about the same sum. The Kingsbridge Road and the extension of the Western Boulevard will each involve about one million dollars. The Museum of Natural History, the foundation of which is now being dug, will cost five hundred thousand dollars, and the Museum of Art the same amount. A suitable parade-ground for the exercise of troops, it is

estimated, will cost for land and construction about seven hundred thousand dollars. There are also a number of street improvements under way, and, altogether, workmen are employed on three hundred miles of streets.

Every State of the Union has normal schools except Texas and Nevada. Massachusetts has one normal school for every two hundred and eight thousand one hundred and ninety-three of her population; Illinois ranks next, having one normal school for every two hundred and fifty-four thousand nine hundred and forty-one; Ohio has one for two hundred and ninety-six thousand one hundred and forty; and New York has the greatest number of normal schools, yet only one for every three hundred and ninety-eight thousand four hundred and thirty-two of her population. The whole number of normal institutions in the United States is one hundred and fourteen, of which fifty-one are State schools, sixteen city schools, twenty-seven connected with colleges and universities, and the remainder supported in various ways. There are ten thousand nine hundred and twenty-two pupils in these schools, and four hundred and forty-five teachers. Nearly one-tenth of all the normal pupils in the country belong to the Female Normal College of New-York City. During the three years that the college has been in existence, not a single student has been expelled, not one suspended, and not more than half a dozen cases for discipline have been reported to the president, and these were but for trivial offences.

In remarking upon the "suicide monomania" in Paris, the sanitary critic of the *Constitutionnel* proposes that a test should be applied by which the sincerity of the suicides might be tried. The same test would in all probability act as a deterrent upon very many. He draws a distinction between the sincere and the insincere suicides—those who really wish to get rid of life, and those who attempt, or seem to attempt, to do so merely as a means of gaining notoriety. "Suicide," he observes, "is only excusable when it has a fatal result; and the persons who would not have their good faith called in question ought to require the adoption of an exceedingly simple measure. Under our old kings, in order to make the duel a matter of serious significance, the encounter was bound to terminate by the death of one of the two combatants. In regard to the suicide, a wise and paternal law ought to decree that, if he did not succeed in killing himself, he should be immediately destroyed by the ministers of justice."

"Those," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "who regard pantomime as dying out are too apt to forget that in the outlying theatres, beyond the range of fashionable London, pantomime is cultivated with a magnificence altogether unknown until a few years ago. The enormous size of these suburban houses should also be remembered. While a theatre like the Royalty will hold scarcely seven hundred persons, and the Strand something under a thousand, the National Standard will accommodate thirty five hundred, and the Britannia nearly four thousand. Six of these theatres alone are, according to a parliamentary paper, capable of holding twenty-one thousand persons; and, as on Boxing-Day, pantomime performances were given twice at each of these houses, and all appeared to be filled to the utmost, it follows that these six alone must have entertained pantomime audiences of at least forty thousand persons."

"M. Reclus, the famous geographer, has," says the *Saturday Review*, "it is well known, what are called advanced ideas. His survey of the great mother earth inspires him with hopefulness for the time 'when her sons shall have all embraced as brothers, and have succeeded in establishing the grand confederation of free nations.' His untoward zeal in this direction was lately, to the distress of all friends of science, the means of bringing him into trouble. The beneficent weapons with which reason aims at securing freedom and happiness for all seem to have been inauspiciously allied with the violence of the barricade and torch of the Communist. We sincerely rejoiced when the French Government felt itself justified in showing leniency to so able and eminent a man, and we trust that, eschewing the angry strife or the tortuous ways of politics, he

may devote himself to making the world the happier and the richer for those treasures of science which he is so well able to unfold."

Jules Clarotie writes from Paris as follows about the literary habits of Alexandre Dumas: "The eminent publicist and dramatist is not, as his illustrious father was, a hard worker. He himself acknowledges that he does not like to write much. He composes rather slowly, and his manuscripts are frequently rendered almost illegible by numerous erasures and alterations, while those of his father hardly contained any, and were almost perfect models of chirography. Few authors that, at his age, have obtained wealth and fame by their pens, have published so small a number of works as the younger Dumas. He is proudest of his journalistic performances, and, but for his aversion to steady literary work, he would like to be at the head of a great journal. But of this there is little probability, as he is about to set out on a voyage of several years round the world."

An extra edition of the Prussian *Moniteur* publishes from the 1st of January, 1873, lists of petitions addressed to the Emperor William I. The lists thus far published contain some curious petitions addressed to the old emperor by Americans. One, a resident of Chicago, named Merk, wanted to obtain a position in the Prussian Department of Foreign Affairs, but was refused. A New-Yorker wanted to establish an American concert-saloon in Berlin, and was also refused. A Philadelphian wanted the iron cross, but did not get it. A Lutheran preacher, of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, prayed for ten thousand pounds of French gun-metal for a bell for his church. The metal was ordered to be forwarded to him.

The method pursued in London toward fallen women, during the last two years, by the police authorities, has been rather to reform than punish them. When committed to the House of Correction they become almost invariably hardened in vice, and therefore the plan has been to procure employment, or to send away in the country, those of whom a reasonable hope of reformation could be entertained. The results have been highly satisfactory, and it would be well for other cities to follow the example of Boston in this humane and sensible method of treating the social evil.

The elephant of the Grand National Amphitheatre, in London, escaped from his stable on Christmas-eve. He laid waste the stage properties, and, by tampering with the water-main, converted the circus into a morass, inundated the lower floors of the building, and totally destroyed a new set-drop that had been provided for the opening night. These strange proceedings may be accounted among the eccentricities of genius, or may have arisen from the nervous excitement attending introduction to a London audience.

The offers of liberal prizes made by several German Governments and academies for the best work on German history have induced a number of eminent authors of that country to try their pens on that subject. Six histories of Germany, all of them works of considerable extent, are now announced for speedy publication. The most successful of these historians will obtain prizes amounting in the aggregate to nearly twenty thousand thalers (fourteen thousand dollars).

It is reported from Szegedin, in Hungary, that Rozsa Sandor, the famous bandit, who was the central figure in the great trial of the four thousand that was recently held in that city, has committed suicide, in order to escape the horrors of imprisonment for life in a subterranean dungeon, where he was once before confined for upward of eight years.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Independence Belge* asserts positively that the Imperial Family Council, at a recent meeting, has decided that, in the event of the death of the present crown-prince, who is not expected to live long, the Grand-duke Alexis should be appointed regent of the empire during the minority of Prince Alexander's eldest son.

There was a large increase in mortality in the principal cities of the Eastern and Middle States during 1873 as compared with

1871. The increase in the death-rate at Boston was thirty-four per cent.; in Providence and Philadelphia, twenty-eight per cent.; in Brooklyn, twenty-three per cent.; and in New York, twenty-one per cent. The total number of deaths of New York was thirty-two thousand six hundred and forty-seven; the death-rate 32.6 in every one thousand inhabitants, the population being estimated at one million.

In the year 1700 France had a population of nineteen million six hundred and sixty-nine thousand three hundred and twenty; in 1801 about eight millions more; thirty years later, thirty-two million five hundred and sixty-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-three; and now, thirty-six million one hundred and two thousand two hundred and twenty-one.

The restoration of the confiscated estates of the Orleans family to the sons and grandsons of Louis Philippe, has given to the Count de Paris the magnificent old Chateau d'Amboise, which he intends to have renovated in the style of the age of Francis I., when it was looked upon as one of the finest in the country.

Hans Christian Andersen, despite his infirmities, is as industrious with his pen as ever. He has in press a play, a new volume of fairy-tales, and some travelling-sketches; among the latter is an extended account of his visit to Charles Dickens, some ten years ago.

Of four thousand plays produced in England within one hundred and thirty years, three thousand nine hundred and fifty are completely shelved now, and of the remaining fifty only seventeen are works of acknowledged merit.

A committee of the French National Assembly had under discussion a bill for the imposition of heavy penalties upon duellists. It turned out that every member of the committee had in his time fought duels, and so they agreed to drop the matter.

Italy has nineteen illustrated papers, with an aggregate circulation of seventy-five thousand copies. None of the political dailies of Italy have a circulation of over ten thousand copies; and the compensation paid to editors and reporters is very moderate.

The sale of Erekmann-Chatrian's books has again been allowed in Germany, the authorities having discovered that the clandestine sale only added to the circulation of the objectionable works.

The "New Boston," which is to rise on the ruins of the old, is to be built on five avenues, radiating nearly like the sticks of a fan when half-opened, the avenues converging so as to enter into the square around the post-office.

At the formal betrothal of the hereditary Prince of Egypt to the daughter of Elhani Pacha, each consul present received a gift of a cashmere shawl and a dromedary.

The Mikado of Japan has ordered that officials of rank shall wear "an official European costume" when they attend his *levees*, which are to be held weekly.

A new work by M. Guizot will shortly appear at Paris, treating of empire, hereditary monarchy, constitutional monarchy, and republicanism.

The swindlers in Paris, who raised money on spurious Mormon bonds, have been sentenced to various brief terms of imprisonment.

Miss Marlitt, the author of "Old Ma'am-selle's Secret," has a novel in press. The scene, in part, is laid in the United States.

Spielhagen, the German novelist, in spite of the extraordinary success of his novels, is very poor.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JANUARY 25.—Obsequies of Lord Lytton, at Westminster.
Smallpox epidemic at Baltimore and Boston.

Report of the absconding of N. Shute, cashier of the Granite-State National Bank, and treasurer of the New Hampshire Savings-Bank, with fifty thousand dollars, funds of the former, and one hundred and twenty thousand dollars of the latter.

The American schooner Alberti run into by an unknown bark in the English Channel, and badly disabled; captain killed.

JANUARY 26.—Death of the Dowager-Empress of Brazil.

Intelligence of the death of Viacount de Rouge, a celebrated French scientist; and of Holmes Coote, at London, a great English surgeon.

Reports that the Orleanists and Bourbonists have united, acknowledging the Count de Chambord as the rightful King of France.

Dispatch that the Spanish General Moriones is actively engaged against Carlist insurgents in Navarre and the Basque provinces.

Intelligence that, under Russian instigation, Fort Hissar, a dependency of Cabul, and Sheharat, a city of Cabul, had been captured, and their governors given up to the Russian troops.

Burning of large oil-works in Brooklyn, N. Y.

An unknown ship wrecked near Bordeaux, France, and all hands reported lost.

Meeting of slave-holders in Havana, favoring emancipation.

JANUARY 27.—Announcement that Russia proposes to England a neutral zone, guaranteeing the independence of Toorkistan.

The Grand-duke Nicholas reported about to join the Khivan expedition.

Intelligence of slight eruptions from Mount Vesuvius.

De Long, United States minister to China, resigns, and George F. Seward is named for the post.

The Senate resolves that all payments due railroads be withheld, for which the Government has advanced interest on bonds issued to them by the United States, remaining unpaid.

The franking privilege is abolished by Congress.

Mormon officials defy and threaten United States courts in Utah.

Mrs. Briggs arrested at North Hoosick, N. Y., charged with being implicated with Charles Shaw, held under suspicion of poisoning his wife and five children; two dead, and the others in a critical state.

JANUARY 28.—The Carlist insurgents severely routed by General Gonzalez, and the insurrection pronounced crushed.

A royal decree issued at Rome, by which the Government takes formal possession of the sixteen convents in that city.

Intelligence of the death of the Rev. A. Sedgwick, the English geologist.

Advices of a severe earthquake at Salvador, 28th ult.

James L. Benedict appointed surveyor of New-York port.

National Theatre at Washington destroyed by fire. Eight other fires in different parts of the country.

Colfax appeals to the Senate for an investigation of his dealings with the Crédit Mobilier, but a motion to that effect is lost.

One hundred and twenty-two persons, suspected of being Internationalists, arrested at Montmartre, France.

JANUARY 29.—Rumor that France, Italy, Turkey, Denmark, and Sweden, have determined to uphold the British Government in its opposition to Russian encroachments in the East.

Mutiny among the artillery-men at Taragona, Spain.

The steamer Britannia founders on the Island of Arran, in the Firth of Clyde. Efforts are made to save her.

Advices of yellow fever at Rio de Janeiro.

The bill to admit Colorado as a State defeated in the House.

The Spanish Cortes committee, on the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico, present their report to the Lower House, recommending

an issue of bonds to the amount of thirty million pesetas for indemnifying the slave-owners.

Birth of the third son of King Amadeus, of Spain.

JANUARY 30.—Report that the pope threatens to leave Rome in the event of the suppression of the heads of religious orders.

Dispatch of two engagements between Spanish guerillas and Cubans under Agramonte. Spanish loss, ten killed, thirty-seven wounded; Cubans, thirty-seven killed, wounded unknown.

Advices of the election of Prince Lunaillo as King of the Sandwich Islands.

Advices of the reception, on the 16th inst., of Sir Bartle Frere and American and British naval officers by the Sultan of Zanzibar. Three slave *dhow*s captured by the British ship Glasgow.

President Thiers refuses to accept the constitutional project of the Assembly Committee of Thirty.

The ex-Empress Carlotta lies at the point of death at Dresden.

The Legislative Appropriation Bill passes the Senate. The House passes the Fortification Bill, and adopts a resolution restoring the pensioners of 1812 to the rolls, cut off by their residence in the South during the late civil war.

An unknown man brutally murdered in Hoboken, N. J. Perpetrator unknown.

Accident on the New Haven and Northampton Railroad; sixteen persons injured.

Band of Carlists defeated by royal troops under General Mercado; eleven killed, many wounded.

Traffic between France and north of Spain suspended on account of the Carlist disturbances.

JANUARY 31.—Report of atrocities perpetrated by the Khivans upon Russian prisoners, and that military preparations are being made on a large scale against the khan.

Report that American bankers in London loaned the late Napoleon two hundred thousand pounds for an intended *coup d'état*, and that the money has been returned.

Trial of William M. Tweed, in New York, terminates; jury disagrees.

Completion of the Ohio and Chesapeake Railroad, Virginia. Event celebrated in Richmond.

Gold lower, ranging between 118½ and 118. Government bonds lower.

Advices that the ship which ran into the Northfleet in the English Channel, January 28d, was the Spanish steamer Murillo, bound for Lisbon.

The Vienna Exhibition building is reported to be complete.



PERSIAN WOMEN AT HOME AND ABROAD.—See Page 236.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Dr. A. K. GARDNER, of New York, says there is not the slightest foundation for the vague and interested statements that the light Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine is injurious to feminine health. We speak advisedly when we deny most positively that any form of disease is traceable to its proper use by any woman in health. For twenty years we have carefully watched the progress of the Sewing Machine, visited the large factories where it is used by the hundred, questioned the makers, the foremen in the workshops, the girls daily working them, and never yet have been able to trace a single disease as having originated from the use of this domestic implement. See the new Improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

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